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ONE NIGHT'S CRIME;
OR,
A FATAL PASSION.
(LA FILLE MAUDITE.)
ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH OF EMILE RICHEBOURG,
FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY DUDLEY WINTHROP MOORE.
Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1880, by
FRANK QUEEN, in the office of the Librarian
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PART THE SECOND.—OLD MARDOCHE.
CHAPTER XXV.—THE RESCUE.
We know that Mardoche had made an appointment with Edmund on the Fremicourt bridge. Both were punctual. Nine o'clock had not yet struck in the belfry when they met.
"Let us make haste," said the young man. "I wish I were already at Civry, for I am impatient to possess the precious papers you have promised me."
"I paid a visit just now to the place where t...ey are hid," said Mardoche. "The work we will have to do will not be so difficult as I at first supposed; however, we must have a small crowbar and a lantern. We will find them in the shepherd's cot at Seuillon. So, instead of going to Civry by the road, we will take the path by the river and pass behind the buildings to avoid the folks that may be about the mill."
"Then you are also afraid of M. Rouvenat?"
"No; but I have my reasons for not wishing anyone to see us together."
They took the path along the Sableuse, which recalled to Edmund such dear associations, and walked as rapidly as possible in the direction of Seuillon, whose dark outhouses soon appeared through the trees.
They had just reached the stables when the first call for help echoed suddenly through the silent night. They quickened their steps, and found themselves in the presence of the woman with disheveled hair, whose voice had impressed Mardoche so forcibly.
Bent over the wellhole, the two men heard Rouvenat's groan, but could not see him.
"Beyond all," cried Mardoche, "it's I, Mardoche; do you hear me?"
This time the unfortunate man below heard these words distinctly. Hope returned to him at once, and he raised his head again and hugged the pole with renewed energy.
"Yes," he replied.
"Courage," came back Mardoche's voice; "we will save you."
"A rope, a rope," said Rouvenat in a feeble tone. "Throw me a rope!"
"Where can I find one?"
"In the shepherd's closet."
"For Heaven's sake!" exclaimed Edmund, "let us lose not a moment."
They rushed towards the cot. Mardoche opened the door, while the young man struck a match, in box of which he fortunately had in his pocket.
"I prepared the lantern this morning," said Mardoche; "it stands on the sink."
It was there, indeed. Edmund took it up quickly and lighted it. The closet was locked. But Mardoche did not take the trouble to look for the key. He burst open the door, which was not very solid, with a blow from his shoulder. In the bottom of the closet he found a long and thick rope, to the end of which were still attached grappling-irons, which sufficiently indicated that the rope was used formerly to fish up the buckets that had fallen down the well. The old chain was there also. He seized the rope and chain, and they returned to the well.
Edmund set his lantern on the curb, and then helped Mardoche uncoil the rope. Having assured themselves of its strength, they made a slip-knot and lowered it down the hole.
"Attention! the rope is coming," cried Mardoche.
"I hear," replied Rouvenat.
Edmund took up the lantern again, and endeavored to throw its light down the well.
The rope touched the water. Mardoche felt Rouvenat seize it.
"There is a slip-knot," he called. "Try and pass it under your arms."
Rouvenat essayed to do so; but his position deprived him almost completely of a free use of his limbs. Besides, a movement a little abruptly might either break the pole or precipitate him to the bottom.
"I can't!" he cried in despair, "I can't!"
"So I feared," said Edmund.
"What's to be done?" said Mardoche anxiously.
For an answer, the young man took the chain and set to work to attach it firmly to one of the iron uprights that still supported the worm-eaten shaft, around which the rope wound itself formerly. That done, he handed the lantern to Mardoche, saying:
"Now, try to give me as much light as possible."
"Good God! what are you going to do?" queried Mardoche breathlessly.
"Have no fear; the chain is solid."
"What! you are going down the well?"
"Yes," replied Edmund coolly.
He grasped the chain, and the next instant his body swung at the mouth of the deep hole.
"But you won't be able to get up again!" cried Mardoche distractedly.
"I haven't forgotten yet what they taught me at the gymnasium," said the young man, beginning to descend quickly.
A moment later he called up to Mardoche to let out the rope. The lantern above threw him sufficient light. Seeing the impossibility of accomplishing himself what Rouvenat had not been able to do, still because of the perilous position of the latter, he threw up the chain and coiled it round his body, that he might use both hands freely. He was in the water up to his chest; but he had strength enough to act. Rouvenat waited, not daring to move. The young man seized the rope, which floated on the water, undid the noose, and, having wound it twice about the old servant's body, tied it securely. A few minutes went by—terrible and agonizing ones for Mardoche, who, lying flat on his face, one hand holding the lantern as far down the well as he could reach, the other clutching the curb, listened, scarcely breathing, while great drops of sweat wet his forehead. At last Edmund's voice was heard.
"It's done," he said. "I don't require the light any longer. Tie the rope fast. I'll be with you in a moment."
Mardoche gave a sigh of relief. He got up, and, obeying the order he had just received, fastened the rope to the second iron upright.
Edmund climbed up the chain and reappeared at the mouth of the hole, pale, his hair bristled, dripping, but with a gleam of triumph in his eyes. On seeing him again, Mardoche gave a cry of joy.
"He is bound," said the young man; "but we must pull him up. Do you think we can do it?"
"Oh! my arms are still strong," replied Mardoche; "you shall see."
"Very well; then let us finish our work."
Each seized the rope with both hands, and began to pull with might and main.
Rouvenat neither stirred nor uttered a plaint; he had just swooned. This was another difficulty in the way of the rescue.
"He's heavy," said Mardoche, panting.
"My strength is exhausted," murmured Edmund.
They had drawn Rouvenat scarcely a yard yet. Mardoche groaned in despair. At that moment two farm-hands, guided by the light, arrived at the well. The call for help had roused them from their sleep. Having dressed in haste, they ran out to the stables, and, finding nothing there that justified the cries of alarm they had just heard, were about to return to their room, thinking that someone passing the farm-house had thought it a good joke to disturb their sleep thus, when they espied the light of the lantern and hastened thither.
"Heaven sends you to us!" exclaimed Mardoche. "Quick! help us! M. Rouvenat has fallen down the well."
The two servants asked for no other explanation. They took the rope from the tired hands of Mardoche and Edmund, and Rouvenat's inert body was soon out of the well.
"Dead! he is dead!" exclaimed Edmund.
Mardoche dropped upon his knees and placed his ear over Rouvenat's heart.
"No," he said, rising, "his heart beats; he has only fainted."
Then, addressing the servants, he added, somewhat authoritatively:
"Mlle. Blanche must not know of what has just happened. Carry M. Rouvenat to the shepherd's cottage, put him to bed, and attend him till he is in a condition to return to the farm-house without assistance."
Ten minutes later, Rouvenat, undressed, and still senseless, lay in the shepherd's bed.
CHAPTER XXVI.—IN THE RUINS.
Mardoche had rummaged the closet and found a suit of clothes for Edmund, which the latter was glad enough to substitute for his own wet ones, though, to be sure, they did not fit him to perfection. Rouvenat, who had just been made to swallow half a glass of wine, began to stir.
"He is getting on well," said Mardoche, turning to the young man; "he will open his eyes in a moment. We have nothing more to do here, so let us go."
He put the crowbar under his arm, took up the lantern, which he extinguished, and left the house, followed by Edmund. Ten minutes had not elapsed since the departure of the two men, when Rouvenat opened his eyes and came to. He raised himself on the bed and looked about him. A lamp shed a trembling and palish light through the room. Rouvenat saw two men in the background, and did not recognize at first his farmhands.
"Mardoche!" he whispered, "Mardoche." Then, raising his voice: "You have saved me. I owe my life to you!" and he held out one of his hands.
One of the servants approached.
"It's us, Mons. Rouvenat," he said. "The old beggar has gone."
"What are you doing here?" asked the old man, with surprise and anxiety. "Who called you?"
"We heard the call for help."
"And Jacques Mellier and Blanche?"
"They are probably asleep."
"Then they know nothing?"
"No; and that's the reason the old Mardoche told us to carry you here, instead of to your room."
"Ah! you did well," said Rouvenat, heaving a sigh of relief. "You must not breath a word to a soul—you hear, not a word. I don't want anyone to know —"
"We understand, Mons. Rouvenat, it would frighten Mons. Mellier and Mlle. Blanche."
"Yes, yes. You are two worthy fellows. Thanks."
"How do you feel now, Mons. Rouvenat?"
"Still a little weak. But it's nothing; I'll be able to get up presently. This is a miracle," he resumed, after a short silence, in a voice full of gratitude. "I was about to die, and yet I find myself alive, saved, saved! And it was poor old Mardoche who did it. Why did he go away? I understand; he does not want me to thank him. Very well, very well, I know what I shall do. My breath failed me suddenly, and I thought it was all over with me. I don't recollect a thing from that moment. Tell me what happened."
"We don't know," replied the farm-hand. "We reached the well just in time to take hold of the rope and draw you up. The young man who was with the beggar must have gone down the well, for his clothes, which he left here, are wet through."
"Yes, I recollect; another brave fellow. He slipped the rope around my body. How he did it I could not say. Oh! it is indeed a miracle! Did they leave together?"
"Yes. The young man put on the shepherd's clothes."
"Do you know the young man?"
"No."
"I had seen him once already," put in the other servant. "He knows Mlle. Blanche, for I saw him last Sunday talking to her in front of the church at Fremicourt."
Rouvenat was deeply moved. Letting his head fall upon the bolster, he remained silent, lost in reflection. The servant's words had just enlightened him. He could not doubt it; this young man who loved Blanche, whom he had deprived of all hope, whose heart he had broken, was one of his rescuers. How did he happen to be with Mardoche? He could give himself no explanation of this.
Another thought occurred to him. He sighed and soliloquized:
"If Lucile is dead, if the one I am waiting for never comes, I must certainly marry Blanche. I have no right to prevent her from loving. This young man loves her, I am sure of it, and might make her very happy."
But he shuddered at this thought, and drove it away at once, lest it should destroy the dream he had cherished for the past thirteen years.
"No," he murmured, "no, it's impossible; I must wait. They *will* return!"
Like an old man, Rouvenat was tenacious of his ideas. A slave to his dream, he clung energetically to his last hope as to a last illusion.
* * * * * * *
While this was going on in the shepherd's house, Mardoche and Edmund hastened on to Civry, where they were received by a few barking dogs turned loose for the night. The inhabitants had gone to bed long before.
On arriving before the ruins, Mardoche stopped, saying:
"Here it is."
The young man looked at him with astonishment.
"Follow me," resumed the old man.
They passed to the rear of the dilapidated building, where Mardoche sat down upon a stone and lighted the lantern.
"Now that we can see there," he said to his companion, pointing to a window, "we will go in through that opening."
"I fail to understand," replied Edmund, "but I have such confidence in you that I would follow you anywhere."
"Then come."
Mardoche climbed through the window first, and set down the lantern.
"There is a flooring under these stones and plaster," he said. "We must clear away the rubbish. That's the work we have to do."
"Well, then, let us begin at once," returned Edmund.
They began to clear away the stones and plaster, and half an hour later, when they had laid bare about a square yard of the flooring, Mardoche stopped, saying:
"That will do."
He then took up the crowbar and let it fall upon one of the boards.
"The papers are there," he continued. "I made my calculation so carefully that I was sure of the spot."
Edmund waited, trembling with impatience.
"Now, my young friend," resumed Mardoche in a grave tone, "before I deliver these papers to you, listen to me. They were confided to me by your father at the hour of his death, after he had made me swear to give them up to nobody but your mother. When I wished to discharge the duty I had taken upon myself, your mother had disappeared from the country in which she dwelt. That explains why these papers have remained concealed here for nineteen years. Were I certain that the unfortunate woman still lived, I might have told you nothing; but I do not think I violate my oath in delivering to the son what was destined for the mother. The existence of these papers has never been known to anyone but me, and I should have kept my secret for a long time yet, perhaps forever, had I not met you. The papers will be in your hands in a moment; you will read them in your room at Saint-Irun. I do not know what they contain, but they will, doubtless, prove of great importance to you; they may reveal a terrible secret. That, I confess, makes me uneasy, and this very morning I still hesitated to bring you here. But I told myself that I had no right to keep this precious trust any longer. I have obeyed my conscience. Only, I exact a promise of you."
"What is it?"
"No matter what information these papers give you, promise me to say nothing, to do nothing before you see me again, to attempt no step without asking my opinion; in fine, promise me that you will follow my advice."
"I promise you upon oath," said Edmund.
"Then you will come to me to-morrow, after you have read the papers?"
"Yes. Where will you be?"
"I will wait for you all day long on the terrace of my chateau," replied Mardoche, with his soft smile.
"Agreed."
The flooring being in no better state of preservation than the rest of the ruins, with one blow Mardoche broke through the board; then, stooping, he drew from the cavity without much exertion the round iron box we saw him bury there some twenty years before, and which time and the damp earth had thickly coated with rust. Handing over him, the young man watched all Mardoche's movements with eager eyes.
An instant later the latter succeeded, in removing the lid of the box. The papers preserved by the iron were intact. In handing them to Edmund, Mardoche's hand trembled.
"Don't forget your promise," he stammered.
CHAPTER XXVII.—THE PAPERS.
It was about two o'clock in the morning when Edmund found himself in his room again, worn out both in body and mind; in fact, overexcited by the emotions of the evening, and still more so by the desire to acquaint himself with the mysterious papers, which his hand clasped feverishly, he did not even think of taking the repose he so much needed. He felt, moreover, no inclination to sleep. Seated at his table, before a lighted candle, his eyes fixed on the yellow envelope that inclosed the papers, his heart throbbed violently. What was he about to learn? Mardoche had spoken of a terrible secret, and in spite of himself he was suffering indefinable anguish. Succeeding at last in overcoming his hesitation, he took the papers from the envelope and placed them upon the table.
Those papers, that had remained hidden for nigh nineteen years, were composed solely of a manuscript of thirty pages and two letters, one written in English, the other in French, and both remarkable for laborious, trembling writing and orthographic errors, whereas the manuscript was written in a free, bold hand, which showed that the writer was accustomed to hold a pen.
The young man took up the manuscript first, and began to perusal. From the very first pages he was deeply impressed, pausing often to brush away the tears that bedimmed his eyes. He was reading the history of his father, written by the latter himself. It was a sort of poem in prose, in which a lacerated and despairing soul writhed in lingering and lugubrious anguish. He related his isolated childhood, complaining bitterly of never having had a mother to love at that time, when his heart overflowed with tenderness and affection. Full of aspirations, eager to rise in the world, he stooped beneath the weight of a terrible despondency. Then he rebelled against fate, cursed his destiny, and expressed in violent language his utter disgust for life. He compared his miserable existence, without a future, hopeless, without a prop, to that of many others, who, more fortunate than himself, had a family, a mother. *He* bowed his head, while *they* walked boldly abroad with radiant brows, joyful, laughing, singing. How he envied them! And, his mind tormented, his heart full of resentment, he asked himself why God had so disposed life that some experienced naught but sorrow and others every happiness.
As he read on the young man found his own thoughts. It was the same discouragement, the same regrets, the same grief. He seemed to be reading his own history, written before his birth, so much did his position resemble his unfortunate father's. But, when he had vented all the shrill notes of his despair, the author of the manuscript sent up to God suddenly an ineffable cry of gratitude. Lucile had appeared, and hope had all at once entered his heart. He knew at last the joys of a first love, and had now an aim in life, a being to cherish. Then, his passion getting the better of discretion, he had married Lucile secretly in the little church in the village of Dunkirk, Scotland, where he had been spending the last five years of his life with an old French nurse, who had been hired to bring him up as her son, but who, stung by her conscience, had finally confessed to him the deception. On reading this, Edmund felt a thrill of delight. In one sense at least he was not a bastard, as he had hitherto believed; he was the fruit of a marriage, no matter how frail in the laws of France—still it was a marriage.
The rest of the manuscript was devoted to his father's love for the young girl whom he had clandestinely wedded. The young man pored over these burning pages, where love breathed forth by turns its admiration, its raptures, its ecstasies. There again Edmund saw himself. This love, so warmly expressed, was his. Like his father, he experienced the same enthusiasm, the same joys, the same raptures. He might have written all that himself. Instead of Lucile's name so coupled with love, so often repeated, he would have put Blanche's, and but little else would have been changed.
When he had read the manuscript through, he remained silent some time, reflecting on the strange contingencies of life that had given him a destiny so much like his father's. But, as he had expected to discover the secret which Mardoche professed to know, he was very much disappointed. The manuscript revealed to him the name of Lucile. It was evidently his mother's; but this forename alone told him nothing that he did not know already. His father was an abandoned child, he had never known his parents—let it be so; but it was his mother's family that he sought—that was the family he wished to become acquainted with. Now, on this point he found himself no further advanced than before the perusal of the manuscript.
"I cannot hear Mardoche ill-will," he said to himself; "he did not deceive me, since, as he assured me, he was not aware of the contents of these papers. He supposed, no doubt, that my father had been less reserved."
He perceived then that he still had the letters to read. He picked up the one nearest him, which was written in English, and read as follows:
DUNKIRK, June 20, 1850.
Sir a grate misfortun has just fallen on us and it makes me sore sad—poor Marianne Burns who luved you like her own child did dye this morning —may the good lord take care of her sole I dont think we'll be in the country you are in is far from here but I rite you at once thinking you might be able after all to get to the funerel which does take place tomorrow morning—a grate many folk will be there for Marianne though a forein person was much deerly hereabouts—when you left Dunkirk she was already in a bad way and she kept getting worse til finally she was caried of—feeling herself she would not last very long she rote you a litter a few days since and gave it to me to send to you if the misfortun she saw coming come — there is nothing more for me to say—Mariannes nieces have come to look after the funerel matters and all out folk are well and I hope you may be the same when this finds you—I don't no wether you can read this but you must take the will for the deed as big folk say and not pay attention to my speling and bad riting your servant sir AGNES MACOOMBS.
The other letter is indeed hard enough to read," soliloquized Edmund. "In any case, it gives me no information on the point I am endeavoring to clear up. Well, let me see what Marianne's letter says."
He opened it, and perused it slowly. Written in French, the orthography, which was about on a par with the other, we will not attempt to imitate.
DUNKIRK, June 14, 1850.
MY DEAR CHILD: I do not feel at all well, and something tells me that I will not live much longer; but I do not want to die before giving you the information you have so often asked me for, and with the help of which you may succeed some day in discovering your father's name and family. As you are not with me, and as I can scarcely look for your return soon, I have decided to write to you; but, as I do not wish to spoil your pleasant journey, I will arrange it so that you will not receive my letter until after I am gone; and I expect that will be very soon. I do not know very much, my dear Edmund, but I will tell you now all I know. You will forgive me for having always refused to answer all your questions; but, you see, I had promised to hold my tongue, which, however, as you know full well, I have only half done.
"One day, twenty years ago, when I lived in France, where I married, as I have often told you, a good Scotchman by the name of Burns, a man called Germain came to my house in Chevrigny. I had known him in Paris, for he had often come to see my husband, who at the time of this visit was dead, poor fellow! He carried something in his arms, wrapped up in a black cloak. It was you, Edmund, poor little dear. You could not have been more than quite a week old. Said Germain to me: 'Marianne, your husband died last year, leaving you a motherless widow, and poor; I bring you this, and at the same time quite a fortune. Will you bring the little one up?' The offer was tempting to a poor woman like me. I took you in my arms, kissed you heartily, and said 'Yes.'" "I was right in depending on you and coming to Chevrigny," said Germain. Then I asked him a thousand questions; but he would not answer, and said it was of no use to question him, as he was not at liberty to let me into the secret of your birth. "The birth of this poor babe is a misfortune," he said; "he must have had rich parents. You will call him Edmund, and give him your husband's family-name, and bring him up as your child." I promised to do as he bid me—thoughtlessly, no doubt, for you were scarcely fifteen when, long pricked by my conscience, I told you that you were not my son, which gave you a great deal of pain, Edmund, I know well; but, then, the secret had proved too great a burden for me, you see. "Now," said Germain, "this is the way things have been settled. You will receive every month the sum of one hundred francs. Before leaving you to-night I will pay you for the first month; and even if the child should happen to die, you will continue to receive this income all your life. When the child gets to be ten years old, he must be educated, and as this will increase expenses he will receive personally every three months an allowance of three hundred francs, which will be increased to five hundred francs when he reaches the age of fifteen, and to eight hundred when he touches twenty, when it will remain at that figure for life. So, you see, he will never be a burden to you, but, on the contrary, of great help. You will take good care to make him believe that this money comes from a lawyer who has charge of some property left you by your husband. I am authorized to deposit the necessary money with Maitre Lambdin, notary, Rue des Vieux Augustins, Paris. Should anything happen to the child, or should you have any claims to make, you must write to that gentleman." So, my dear Edmund, it is to Maitre Lambdin you must apply after I am gone. Perhaps I don't make things very clear to you; but I have done my best to tell you what took place between Germain and me. I must tell you also that Germain was at that time, as he is to-day, the valet and confidential man of the Count De Bussieres, a great lord, who lives in Paris in a magnificent mansion situated in the Rue Bellechase. And why should I not tell you, my dear child, that I have often had an idea that you were in some way related to this noble family of De Bussieres?
Marianne concluded with a few touching words that depicted her affection for the child she had brought up.
The young man's agitation, as it is easy to understand, was intense. He read the letter a second time with greater attention, and convinced himself that his father had been a poor child spurned and disinherited by the De Bussieres family. So the paper which he had just read, and through which he had hoped to discover his mother's family, brought him face to face with another mystery, which was also important for him to penetrate. And did they not appear to show him a new path to be followed? But what ought he to do—or, rather, what could he do? His perplexity was great. The dates of the two letters told him that his father, assassinated a few days later, had not been able to search into the matter. But forty years had elapsed since the day his father, without a name, like himself, was confided to Marianne Burns. Now, supposing he were to find the notary, the Count De Bussieres, and even Germain, the valet, had they not the right to look upon him as a stranger, and reply to him, even in the face of Marianne's letter:
"We do not know what you mean?"
He confessed to himself that the documents given him by Mardoche were really of little value to him. He did not see how it was possible for him to take his father's place in order to claim certain rights that the latter might have, but which were not conveyed to him by any deed.
In vain he sought a way through this difficulty; his closest reasoning was vitiated by these words of implacable reality:
"I am nothing, I can do nothing."
The unfortunate young man was struggling between a thousand invisible threads without being able to seize one. The further he advanced, the deeper he plunged into the darkness of the mystery. He found himself as if confined in an inextricable labyrinth. Had he not been sustained by Blanche's love and Mardoche's promises, he would have relapsed at once into discouragement and despair.
After reflecting along while, without even catching a glimpse of a possible solution, he concluded that it were wise to cease tormenting his mind; and that, since he was to see Mardoche during the day, the latter would doubtlessly give him good advice in regard to the new discovery he had just made.
The day was beginning to dawn. He kissed his father's manuscript reverently, put out his light, and threw himself dressed upon the bed. Ten minutes later he was sleeping soundly. At nine o'clock several loud knocks on the door caused him to awake with a start; and to his question "Who's there?" the innkeeper's voice replied:
"A traveler who wants to see you."
Edmund sprang from the bed and ran and opened the door. Jerome Greluche threw himself into his arms.
"I couldn't do without you any longer," said the worthy man, with emotion; "so I thought I'd just come and pay you a little visit."
CHAPTER XXVIII.—BLANCHE'S LETTER.
Mardoche passed a very bad night. Consumed with anxiety, he could not sleep. He asked himself with fright what was about to take place, for he felt that the papers delivered to Edmund contained proofs of what he supposed to be Lucile Mellier's unlawful love. This first secret discovered would become the key, as it were, that would open the closed door of the other secrets. The young man would naturally learn that Blanche was not the daughter of Jacques Mellier, and by mere inferences, or by the avowals that would be made to him, would come to know about the horrible crime of the night of June 24. What would he do then? And he, Mardoche, what advice could he give him?
In proportion as he saw the denouement approach, there rose up before him difficulties which he had not foreseen, and the conscientious man found all his apprehensions warranted.
In vain did he repeat to himself that he had not revealed Jacques Mellier's secret—he was forced to confess that he had helped Edmund powerfully to discover it.
Mardoche's situation was truly perplexing, and the more he reflected the more troubled became his already weary mind. He was not the man to say: "Let them extricate themselves as best they may." Besides, had he not his adored daughter, whose happiness he wished to protect at any cost?
The first rays of the sun found him before the rocks on the sort of platform which he called his terrace. He sat down upon a stone, with his face turned towards the valley, and remained long in this attitude, with his eyes fixed on the roofs of the farm in silent contemplation. About eight o'clock he paid a visit to his pantry, which still afforded a piece of cooked bacon, half a cheese, a few slices of bread, a bottle marked cognac, a knife with a wooden handle, and a large tin cup. He returned with them to the terrace, set them upon the stone, and, having filled his cup at a neighboring spring, began his frugal breakfast. As a dessert he offered himself a few drops of the cognac. He looked at the bottle fondly, and murmured, while a happy smile glided over his lips:
"A present from my daughter."
Shortly after that, worn out, ready to drop with fatigue, he threw himself at full length upon the grass at the foot of an elm, and fell into a heavy sleep.
It was two o'clock in the afternoon when he awoke. Edmund stood before him.
"Isn't it stupid to sleep so?" he said, reproaching himself.
"You were sleeping so soundly, Mardoche," said the young man, "that I regret having disturbed your rest."
"It so happens sometimes that I sleep when the birds are awake," he replied, "especially when I do not sleep at night. And, besides, while waiting for you, I had nothing but that to do."
He got up, and they went and took a seat at the entrance of the cave. The young man waited; Mardoche did not dare to question him. Nevertheless, after a moment's silence, the old man asked:
"Have you read the papers?"
"Yes."
"Well?"
"I am in despair, Mardoche. I have not discovered the secret which you supposed they contained."
"What!" exclaimed Mardoche, thinking he had not heard right, "they do not tell you the name of your mother's family?"
"No. As regards my mother, they only inform me that her Christian name was Lucile. But wait; I brought the papers with me. Since you cannot read, I will read them for you, and then you will give me your advice."
Edmund drew the papers from his pocket, and began to read them to the old man, who listened very attentively, without once interrupting. On concluding his reading, the young man looked up, with a sigh.
"You see, Mardoche, you see, my only hope is in you. Won't you tell me the secret that is so important to me?"
"No," said the old man, "I shall tell you nothing—for the present at least. I cannot speak yet; the hour has not come, it seems."
Edmund heaved another sigh, and bowed his head mournfully.
"Oh, since the day I found out who you were," resumed Mardoche animatedly, "this fatal secret, which you will know soon enough, has come to my lips twenty times, and as many times have I driven it back to the bottom of my heart. It was my duty to do so. No, it is not for me to speak, since the papers have not thrown any light on the matter. Others must tell you who your mother was—and they will."
"And if they remain silent?" insisted the young man.
"If they do," returned Mardoche—"very well, if they do—too long—I'll see, I'll see about it."
"And you will tell me all, won't you, all?"
"Oh! all?—I don't know; but a little more, anyhow."
"When, Mardoche, when?" asked Edmund eagerly.
"I can't say. To begin with, you must go to Paris and try to ascertain whether this count, this notary, or Germain, the valet de chambre, is still alive. That's the first step you must take, young man."
"But even should I find one of them, do you think I would be heeded? Would I not be spurned like my poor father?"
"You must not let the fear of failure deter you from trying to get at the truth touching your father's family. Go to Paris and search hopefully."
"I'll go, Mardoche, I'll go—but—but ——" the young man hesitated, with tears in his eyes.
"Blanche, you mean?" said Mardoche kindly. "Rest easy; I'll speak to her about you. While you are gone, I'll work diligently for both of you."
"Thanks, Mardoche, thanks."
"And when will you start?"
"To-morrow."
"Oh! I don't want to drive you away," said the old man, smiling. "You will go to Gray first, I suppose, after Jerome Greluche?"
"My old friend has been at Saint-Irun since this morning."
"Ah! he must have been glad to see you again."
"Naturally. Does he not love me as a son?"
"True. Did you speak to him about Blanche or about me? Did you tell him about what little I have told you about your mother and father?"
"Greluche brought me up; he is my best friend; I conceal nothing from him; and he too advised me to go to Paris in search of the persons mentioned in the letter."
"You did well," said Mardoche, after reflecting a moment.
"I will say good-bye to you in leaving you now, Mardoche," resumed Edmund. "Have you nothing more to say to me, no further advice to give me?"
"Think of Blanche."
"Oh! there is no need of your recommending me to do that," said the young man enthusiastically. "Her precious image is locked up in my heart, where it will remain forever."
"And the clothes you left in the shepherd's house?"
"I'll get them when I return. The shepherd's are in that bundle there. You will be kind enough to return them to their owner, or at least put them back where we found them yesterday."
"Very well, I'll take them with me when I go down to the valley again. And now, young man, God-speed. Don't forget that I can't read, and write to me; besides, I am a patient old man; I know how to wait."
"And if anything should happen at Seuillon, Mardoche, during my absence?"
"Have no fear; I am here to watch. However, if you like, on arriving in Paris you may send me an envelope addressed to yourself—send it to the post-office at Gray—and should anything really serious occur, I'll return it to you; that will be the signal for you to come."
"So be it. You promise me to tell Blanche ——"
"That you love her, that you will not cease to think of her, and will return."
"*Au revoir*, Mardoche, *au revoir*. God grant that I may have good news for you the next time we meet."
"Yes. *Au revoir*."
They embraced each other, and Edmund took the road to Saint-Irun.
Mardoche had let his face fall into his hand. He was weeping.
On his return to the inn, Edmund found Greluche engaged in beating out the costumes of his dear puppets. Standing close beside each other upon the mantle, with their backs to the wall, little Rigolo and Punchinello, the two inseparables, now friends, now enemies, appeared to be making faces at themselves, as they eyed each other askant.
"Do not let me disturb you," said Edmund to his adoptive father, who threw down his switch and advanced to meet him with open arms.
"When are we going?" asked Greluche.
"To-morrow."
"To-morrow!" In two days we will be in Paris. Oh! I forgot—there is a letter here for you."
"A letter for me!" said Edmund, with surprise. "I did not write to anybody, and, with the exception of Mardoche, no one knows that I live here. Who could have written me?"
He took the letter, tore open the envelope with an impatient hand, and gave a glance at the signature.
"Blanche!" he exclaimed.
Transported, crazy with joy, his eyes beaming, he jumped about the room.
"Oh! she writes me!" he cried in his intoxication.
His heart throbbed as if to burst; this unexpected happiness choked him. Finally, when he had grown calmer, he read the letter, which ran thus:
MONSIEUR—I promised you an answer, one that I owe you in acknowledgment of the sentiments you have expressed to me. Were I happy, rich, had I the right to love, trusting in your honor and sincerity, I would readily join my life to yours. But I am neither happy nor rich, nor have I the right to love. I shall conceal nothing from you, monsieur. To you alone I dare confess it: *I am not* the daughter of Mons. Jacques Mellier. My father's name was Jean Renaud; and this name, which you know perhaps, separates us forever.
Adieu, monsieur, adieu. Forget me. BLANCHE.
The letter slipped from Edmund's hands and fell at his feet. His face turned livid, his features contracted, and, uttering a hoarse, horrible cry, he sank to the floor, like an inert heap. Greluche ran to him, lifted him in his arms, and placed him in a chair. He had not fainted, but the fixedness of his gaze was frightful. The blood seemed to have stopped suddenly in his veins, and life appeared to be ebbing out. It burst presently into loud sobs. Kneeling beside him, Greluche caressed him like a child, and essayed in vain to console him. The unfortunate young man gave vent to heart-rending groans, and writhed convulsively, rolling his head in his hands. Greluche picked up the letter, and understood it at a glance. He shuddered, and bowed his head in sorrow.
"Blanche, Blanche!" cried the poor youth, a prey to the most frightful despair—"Blanche the daughter of Jean Renaud! His daughter—his daughter—she! Oh! oh! oh! The daughter of Jean Renaud, Jean Renaud, my father's assassin! Woe is me! Fatality! Lost, lost to me!"
He sprang to his feet all at once, as if impelled by a spring, his eyes glaring fiercely.
"What have I done!" he went on, like a madman, shaking his arms feverishly, "what have I done to deserve all this torture? O God! O God! am I cursed?"
Then, exhausted, panting, he threw himself into Greluche's arms, weeping bitterly.
And the puppet-man, weeping also, pressed him to his heart, murmuring:
"I love you, I do; I will comfort you."
END OF PART THE SECOND.

ELLA MAYO, SERIO-COMIC VOCALIST.
DIED IN THIS CITY, FEB. 1, 1881.
"ONLY AN ACTRESS."
WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ADAH M. HOWARD.
CONCLUDED.
[NOTE.—Through an error in making up the paper, only a part of this story appeared in our past issue, about a third of a column at the end being the conclusion of another story; and such of our readers as were mystified by the mixture can, by reading what follows, pick up the broken thread, and find a more satisfactory denouement. The whole of the other sketch will be published later.]
"It means, my friend, that the girl whose brave words we have just listened to, that fair-faced child, whose very presence breathes an atmosphere of purity and truth, was my only son's betrothed wife; but she was only an actress, and I threatened to banish him from my heart and home if he did not give her up. He would have left us all for her sake, but I sent him away on business, hoping he would learn to forget her during his absence from me, and be willing to resign her. Vain hope. He loved her more for this enforced absence, as his letters to me proved. Then Ben Allen, my nephew, the scapegrace, whose friends to the poor child before you now have just heard, came to me and told me that Irene Graham was a creature unworthy any man's respect. I wrote again to Walter, telling him he need never darken my doors if he held any further communication with Irene Graham, whom I believed to be all that was vile and impure. That letter Walter never answered, and in rage at his apparent disrespect to my wishes I altered my will and bequeathed everything to my unworthy nephew. Thank Heaven, my eyes are opened at last! O Walter, my boy, my boy! if she were anything but an actress ——"
The friends were crossing Broadway as old Mr. Scott uttered the last words, the latter a few paces in advance of his friend. He had reached the centre of the crossing, when a wild cry was heard: "Back, back, back!" as two frightened horses, attached to a light wagon, came tearing down the thoroughfare at mad speed. Mr. Scott was directly in their path, and bewildered and stupefied by terror, he was rushing into their very midst when a friend, the maddened horsemen so close to him that in the fearless of a second he would have been dashed beneath their hoofs, when a slender, black-robed figure darted before him, flung him backward out of danger, and was herself trampled beneath the animals' feet. Very tenderly they lifted her from the ground, proclaiming aloud at sight of the white, senseless face, and the loosened curls of golden hair dyed crimson with the blood that flowed from a cruel wound on the temple.
"My God, poor child! brave little Irene! is this punishment sent from Heaven? Father above, grant that this innocent life be not sacrificed for mine!" cried Mr. Scott, as he recognized the fair, childlike face of his young preserver.
Ben Allen was nowhere in sight.
* * * * * * *
Two weeks later and Rena Graham awoke from what appeared to have been a terrible dream to find herself in a luxuriously furnished chamber, lying in a soft bed surrounded by hangings of lace and pale-blue satin. At first she thought it all some stage illusion; then, as memory returned to her, she tried to raise herself on her elbow to look around her, but the effort was fruitless; she was weak as an infant.
"Oh, I must have been ill. I am so weak and helpless," she whispered, and, as the sound of her weak voice reached the ears of a watcher near her bedside, the lace curtains were drawn quickly aside, and she saw a beloved face and heard a voice whose every tone thrilled to her very heart's core.
"Thank God! she will live. O my darling! my own brave darling!"
"Walter, Walter!" she whispered joyfully, and sank into a deep, refreshing slumber.
When she again awoke, the old man whose life she had saved shared Walter's vigil by her bedside, and spoke to her in a voice that trembled with deep feeling, and with a conspicuous moisture in his eyes.
"My child, what shall I ever do to show my regret for my unjust condemnation of you?"
Irene could not speak, and Walter answered for her.
"Take her to your heart, my father, and call her 'daughter.' Give me your consent to make her my cherished wife, and forget that she has been only an actress."
The old man winced as the last words were spoken, and a momentary shadow darkened his face, for it is hard to overcome in a moment the prejudice of a lifetime; but the struggle ended in victory, and, joining his son's hand with the little member that lay like a folded lily-leaf on the white coverlet, he said earnestly:
"Take her, my son, and may God make you worthy of her. She has proved herself a noble woman, loyal in her love, brave in her suffering, strong to resist temptation. God bless my little daughter, now and always."
The old man's white head was bent closely over the fair face on the pillow now, and he pressed a fond kiss on the sweet lips that trembled beneath the fatherly

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1881.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

(*For answers to amusement questions, see first page of "Theatrical Record."*)

☞ QUESTIONS THAT DO NOT REACH THIS OFFICE UNTIL MONDAY MORNING WILL NOT BE ANSWERED UNTIL THE FOLLOWING WEEK.

J. C., Milwaukee.—1. Every man who sells billiard-tables considers it incumbent upon him to get out rules with his name attached to them. He begins by taking standard rules. Afterwards, so that his name may appear in larger type, he begins to cut down those rules, and in the shortening process he is certain to change the sense of one or more of them. The case you forward is the first one we ever saw, however, in which it is required that a pin shall be counted down in order to count. No one familiar with pinpool could have framed that rule. It has been epitomized upon a misunderstanding of the leading rule, which goes only so far as to enact that a pin shall not count because a ball merely touches it, or because it shoves it a half-inch or an inch off its spot. 2. We decide both by the same rule as we have been deciding them by for nearly thirty years. There are many cases, in pinpool as in almost everything else, that no printed rules in pool as in almost everything else, that no printed rules cover. Must we, therefore, give no decision? It is your privilege to make the rules you forward, or even some of your own devising, the rules of your house; but you must not expect us to submit the dispute to your house. These rules cannot be expected to influence our decision in case the dispute comes to us.

J. J. F., Boston.—There were a number of corn-law bills. Probably the one to which you refer, although you say about 1831, was the free-trade one introduced by Sir Robert Peel in 1846. Your coupling Robert Cobden with its introduction into Parliament may be due to his having been with John Bright and others prominent in that connection with the Anti-Corn-law League, formed in 1838. Sir Robert Peel's bill having become a law in June, 1846, the Anti-Corn-law League formally dissolved on July 2 following, and Mr. Cobden was rewarded with a national subscription amounting to nearly four hundred thousand dollars. At the same time Sir Robert Peel, *forced* from office by a hostile Parliamentary vote, in withdrawing made a speech in which he acknowledged that the repeal of the corn-laws was principally due to Mr. Cobden. The bill was a Government measure, although called Peel's, and there is a bare possibility that Cobden may have been the medium of introducing it in behalf of the Ministry, as he was in Parliament then, and Peel had become a convert to his corn-law views. We cannot now speak advisedly as to the mere act of introducing. The bill is known as Peel's, as also is the sliding scale as to corn, which became a law in 1842.

RHODY, Washington.—Smith loses. The Rebellion did not end with the surrender of Lee's army, April 9, 1865, although the country at large regarded that surrender as practically the close. Military movements still went on; the Government at Washington sat down upon General Sherman for his negotiations with Gen. Johnston, and Gen. Grant arrived at Sherman's headquarters in April 24; Johnston did not surrender till April 26; Gen. Sheridan was despatched with a large force to New Orleans to begin a campaign against Dide Taylor, and did not fight even after Johnston had surrendered, and did not himself surrender until May 4; Jeff. Davis was full of fight until May 10; Kirby Smith did not surrender until May 26; and the last battle of the war was not fought until May 13, it being between Gen. Slaughter's and Col. Barrett's forces, in Col. Buck's county, Texas. Booth died declaring that all persons found in arms after May 26 would be treated as outlaws and robbers. 2. We cannot imagine the existence of Buck's order, Brown's order, or any order by contending that the last surrender of Confederate forces occurred in July, 1865. If that was a part of the bet, it is a draw.

T. McN., Chicago.—The alleged case of 1871, whatever the decision may have been, can have no possible bearing upon the present case. Millions of documents

not get above 122, while Cook made 193 in 1,000. At the Bombay Club Roberts won by 274 in 750, his best and Cook's 114. On the 24th Cook stroke and gave an amateur 6-0 in stake or a purse of 100 rupees and pees, and won by 172.....While berts is exhibitionizing with Cook, Herbert Roberts, is playing exhibi- nd with the veteran Roberts..... of the Brunswick & Balke Company aving arrived a few days ago. e two of his exhibitions last week .The new champion of Pennsyl- ita a challenger..... *The Philadel.* which ought to be a fair guesser, is the statement that during the past ender cleared over two hundred s from the sale of tables and other .....The Democrats of Cincinnati ing of running the veteran J. M. Mayor; but it is understood that declines to be a candidate..... week Shaw gave one of his famous the Hoboken room in which John w major-domo. Towards the end his last game for Washington, D. C. two nights at Seibert's. The head- popular Michael Scanlon, a reform seball and in D. C. billiards, and en once a New-Yorker, is also a ...Joe Dion and Sexton played twice at the latter's room last fell by the wayside.....It is said Adams did not start for the West as contemplated, since Louis Shaw saw him at that end of his loop, as ...Another ball-pool table has nto Harry Miner's room, this city. The receipts for three tables dur- ounted to ten hundred and thirty-six Ellis of Minneapolis-farm as that he is ne between Schaefer and Sexton.

AQUATIC.

ROWING ASSOCIATION of this city ed the following officers: Presi- ent; vice-president, Dr. E. L. John- V. G. Audubon; treasurer, R. R. A. B. Wilson; lieutenant, C. R. Tre- wain. George M. Cushing; trustees— A. J. Keegaw, J. R. Wemple, H. J. C. E. Jolliet; committee of admis- Gillerger, J. Terwilleger and George

LAYCOCK.—The condition of old permitting, the scullers' race be- dman and E. C. Laycock will be nday afternoon next, Feb. 14, the their stations at 2.30 o'clock. The hose who took up the cause of the e time he issued his challenge to ravine about eight miles, the odds on day will probably be not less than

IS (Mo.) ROWING CLUB recently wing officers: President, James F. ce-president, J. C. Scott; financial Koch; recording secretary, John rer, F. Von Dach; captain, H. W. enant, Mitchell Barr; directors—J. neield and F. Heltzle.

ILLIPS has been engaged by the g Club to deliver a lecture on the and's Triumph and England's Sur- sic Hall, Boston, Monday. The proceeds will be devoted to mage done by the recent flooding athouse of the club.

RT, ex-champion of England, and roprietor of the "Fox and Lamb," stic, has failed, with $1,500 habili- ssets. Elliott's ill-luck dates from so easily beaten by Hanlan.

OCK IN THE FIELD.—Mrs. E. C. , 15, at her residence, Shark Island, , presented her absent hus- ed with Hanlan in a little son. HALLENGE for an eight-oared shell straightaway, was issued on Feb. 9, The place for the contest has not oon.

ame of a yacht just built at Al- er owner intends entering her in e is soon to take place at Vera

IL ROWING CLUB will hold their at Ferrero's Assembly Rooms, this city, on Thursday evening,

NEY THOMPSON did not wait to see ock match decided, but sailed Australia Jan. 22.

ASEBALL.

E IN NEW ORLEANS.

he Crescent City was inaugurated me between the Lees and Lone Mutuals, which resulted for n by the Lees, and Farrell and eeney and Graner by the Lone est was close and exciting, the the conclusion of the eighth ninth a run by the Lees brought ng enabled the Lees to get in four and thereby win the game. Denny overed from the effects of his re- ade his reappearance with the

O.	R.	LONE STAR.	O.	R.
3	0	Tracy, r. f.	3	0
4	1	Amack, 3d b.	2	2
4	1	Johnston, c. f.	3	0
4	0	Joe Barth, p.	3	0
3	0	Jake Barth, l. f.	3	0
3	0	Hayes, s. s.	4	0
3	1	Fisher, 1st b.	2	1
2	1	Grand (sub), 2d b.	2	1
3	1	Farrell, c.	2	0
27	7	Totals	27	3

0	1	0	1	0	1	0	0	4—7
0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—3

Time, 2h. 30m.

ER, the manager of the new pro- Philadelphia, Pa., having re- ications from players in various ry, requests us to state that the entirely of local talent, Mc- attin have already been secured himself, will constitute the nu- ong team.

URN has been engaged by the as the eleventh man of the the outfielder and change- nque (Ia.) Club in 1879, and com- n with the Buffalo Club, and took pionship contests before he was

S' CLUB of this city will take amateur clubs. George Collins and manager of the nine. All should be addressed to Andrew street, New York City.

s have been played on that little territory just at the point of con- ware, Maryland and Pennsylva- r, pitcher and outfielders each States.

hold an adjourned meeting the month, when a schedule of cham- will be submitted for adoption. es, who was discharged by the season, is now engaged in the Cincinnati, O.

E RING.

HORT FIGHT.

Youngstown, Ohio, and Domi- of Pittsburg, Pa., who were er city some weeks ago to fight t near Struthers, Ohio, Feb. 5, d by Sheriff Lodwick after a threats of arresting the entire that evening and drove to ia Trumbull township, fourteen gstown. The ballroom in a un'er the representation that arring match. Owen Sullivan referee and stakeholder and s timekeeper, both Pittsburg s seconds were George Ed- alla'an." McCoy being backed not John H.) and John Cragin. e fought. When preference e seventh round McCoy refused e fight was decided in favor of ner was apparently good for disturbance of any kind oc- ened. Awaken after the first n completely, much to the sur- . The principals and seconds, ft for home the next day.

THE GAME IN NOVA SCOTIA.

A match took place at Halifax, N. S., Monday, Jan. 31, between All-comers and the Scotch-born members of the Halifax Curling Club, which resulted in a victory for the former by the following score:

ALL-COMERS.	Rink No. 1.	SCOTCH-BORN.
P. S. West,	Murray,	
W. E. West,	Jack,	
Kaye,	McNab,	
Romans, skip	19 Murdoch, skip	4
	Rink No. 2.	
Wier,	Hedley,	
Tupper,	Spry,	
Sutliffe,	Thompson,	
Kerr, skip	15 Johnson, skip	11
Total	34 Total	15

Play at points for the Drummond Stones at Halifax, N. S., resulted in a victory for H. Romans, who scored 17 points.

E TURF.

O THE TURF."—Part I of the ork, invaluable to all who are ngs on the running turf, has ut. It is a Volume of nearly five l, besides the summaries of erican horses in this country, e West Indies, etc., during the list of those horses that won and over last year, and closes he reported sales of thorough- of 1879. The work can be ob- more, 35 Park row, this city.

STAKE RACES to be run at the e St. Louis Jockey Club closed es, as follows: Coquette Stakes, 40; Jockey Club Stakes, two- Stakes, for maiden three-year- Cup, all ages, 20; Street Rail- s, 31. This is a larger number red there before.

RROR to sleighs, fifty bushels of nd $25 to the second, over a mile, best three in five heats, Jerome avenue, this city, Feb. eeks' Rilly won the first, fifth d in the second made a dead h's Nellie Gray, who took the econd prize.

IAL CLUB of Hoboken, N. J., ual ball at Oddfellows' Hall, commencing at 8 P. M. The are: President, H. Leuhrs; Willig; secretary, G. Stell; ed.

CURLING.

A GRAND MATCH AT CENTRAL PARK. Scotch vs. Americans.

In January, 1877, that veteran Scotch curler of the New York Club Mr. John Patterson, and that senior of the class of native American curlers Mr. George Greive, arranged a meeting between selected rinks of Scotch and American curlers just to test the growing strength of the American disciples of the Scotch national game. The match took place on the curling lake at Central Park that Winter, the result being the success of the Scotchmen by the appended score:

SCOTCH.		AMERICAN.	
J. Patterson, skip	25	Geo. Greive, skip	22
J. Dunlap, skip	39	S. McIntyre, skip	13
W. Kellack, skip	32	H. J. Butler, skip	15
D. Foulis, skip	28	G. Frasier, skip	18
Total	115	Total	66

This was a bad defeat for young America; but, nothing daunted, they went at the Scotchmen again and again until victory perched upon the representatives of the stars and stripes, the last two seasons seeing the Americans victors in this now established annual match.

The defeat sustained by the Scotchmen roused them up to redoubled work on getting a strong team together to meet the "Yankees" at Central Park this Winter, and accordingly there was a strong gathering of the clans at the curling-lake at the Park on Feb. 5, on which day the weather proved to be very favorable for the game indeed, and the result was a large attendance of spectators, the rinks being so thronged with the crowd at times as to interfere with the players, there being no officers in attendance to keep the ice clear, as there should have been. The ice was in poor condition, being mostly rough, snowy ice, that needed p'aning to make it available for scientific play.

It was some time before the several rinks could be properly arranged, but by 11 A. M. eight rinks were laid out on the small lake—not fully cleared of snow—and from that time until 5.15 P. M., with the exception of a half hour's adjournment to the Casino for coffee and sandwiches—a busy and most interesting scene was presented on the lake. If you want to see a Scotchmen in his natural element, as it were, and under circumstances to fully exhibit his natural character istics, you should see him in the role of "skip" in a curling match, especially in one like this, in which not only the credit of his club is concerned, but also the honor of "Auld Scotia." All the Scotch that is in the man comes out in bold relief. In fact, for the time being he is "at hame" again, and on the "loch," as in his early days. As he becomes absorbed in the game all his wonted enthusiasm is evolved, and it finds verbal expression in the home dialect and such exclamations as "Noo, Wullie, ye ken what tae dae; dinna be a hog; just draw for the tee!" and "Man, but I like ye!" "Now, Georzie, lad, gie us a guard!" "Soop her up, lads, soop her up!" etc.

We selected Rink No. 1, at which Messrs. Patterson and Greive were the respective skips, as the one to watch the play of each inning, these two curlers being the originators of this annual match, and it proved to be one of the most interesting of the series, though not marked by the best play, as the ice was too poor to admit of it. Still, there were some very interesting innings, in which fine play was shown, not only by the two skips, but also by Robt. McClintock—who had to play with one arm in a sling—Davie Reid, a fine curler, and the veteran "Willie" Houston. The Americans led up to the seventh inning, when the score stood a tie at 6 to 6. Then the Scotch began to take the lead, poor play on the American side in the 8th and 9th innings allowing the Scotch to add eight points to their score, the totals standing at 13 to 6 in their favor. Then the Americans began to rally, and at the close of the 13th inning the figures stood at 12 to 14, the "foreigners" still in the van; at the end of the 16th inning the score stood a tie, but in the last end the Scotch got in two shots and won by the appended score:

Scotch	0	0	1	0	2	0	2	5	1	0
Americans	1	1	0	3	0	1	0	0	3	1

Scotch	0	0	1	0	2	0	3	1	0	2—20
Americans	1	1	0	3	0	1	0	2	0	3—20

One of the best shots at the match was that made by McClintock in passing the stone and "chipping the winner," thereby getting the shot under difficulties. The following is the score of the contest at this rink, giving the names of the contestants, who were respectively members of the New York Club:

SCOTCH.	AMERICAN.
J. Smith,	W. B. Walters,
W. Houston,	R. McClintock,
D. Reid,	A. U. Crane,
John Patterson, skip	20 G. Greive, skip

At Rink No. 2 the Caledonians, under General David Foulis, were opposed by the Americans of the Jersey City Club, under Skip Symmons, the score being as follows:

SCOTCH.	AMERICAN.
J. Mitchell,	J. McKnight,
A. Walker,	H. B. McKnight,
D. Muir,	J. C. Clarke,
D. Foulis, skip	31 C. Symmons, skip

At Rink No. 3 four Scotchmen, captained by the veteran Jas. Stevens, played against a mixed four of several clubs with the appended result:

SCOTCH.	AMERICANS.
J. Boyd,	C. Lockwood,
W. M. Hogg,	W. G. Crawford,
A. Fyle,	J. B. Mattison,
Jas. Stevens, skip	32 C. W. Edwards, skip

At Rink No. 4 a four from the Manhattan Club played against four "Yanks" from Jersey City, and they won by the appended score:

SCOTCH.	AMERICAN.
D. Blantyne,	W. Richards,
J. Robb,	J. T. Edwards,
G. T. Addison,	William Stevens,
J. Falconer, skip	22 W. W. Edwards, skip

At Rink No. 5 Sam McIntyre was the skip of a mixed quartet of Americans, who proved to be too strong for their Scotch opponents, under "Willie" Meikle, as the score below shows:

AMERICAN.	SCOTCH.
G. D. F. Underhill,	J. Bruce,
W. W. Cousins,	J. Neal,
H. Leech,	W. Carmichael,
S. McIntyre, skip	21 W. Meikle, skip

At Rink No. 6 that veteran of the ice, Andrew "Georgie" Henderson, with three others of his club, "knocked spots" out of J. Frazier's party from Yonkers, as follows:

SCOTCH.	AMERICAN.
W. Ritchie,	F. Wheeler,
H. Henderson,	J. P. Stewart,
J. Kellock,	R. Kellock,
G. H. Henderson, skip	36 J. Frazier, skip

This was the highest score of the match, some fine play being shown by J. Kellock and the two Hendersons.

At Rink No. 7 four Empire City men, under John Dunlap, undertook to give lessons in curling to four "Yankees," under George Frazier; but, instead of giving, they had to take one, as the score below shows, it being the highest one on the American side, Dunlap and Frazier vs. Peter Garrison showing up well on the Yankee side.

AMERICAN.	SCOTCH.
A. Anderson,	J. Frazier,
J. Vymel,	C. Anderson,
R. Russell,	H. L. Garrison,
J. Dunlap, skip	16 G. Frazier, skip

Last on the list was the eighth rink, where four "gentlemen from Yonkers," including the genial McConchie, with that "medal-winner" Willie Kellock as skip, were opposed to Willie Crawford and three other Empire City men. There was a close fight, the Yonkers men just beating the New York Americans by three shots only, the score being as follows:

SCOTCH.	AMERICANS.
J. Moir,	J. Phelan,
S. McConchie,	J. Boyd,
J. Stewart,	G. Crawford,
W. Kellock, skip	23 W. Crawford, skip

The totals at 101 to 139 in favor of the Scotch—a pretty bad whipping under the circumstances. Had the ice been in good condition, the Yankees would have stood a better show. As it was, they were at a disadvantages as they cannot play on bad ice as well as the "old fellows."

Majority for Scotch, 52 shots.
Referee, W. Lewis of Yonkers.
Time of match, 3h. 45m.

On Tuesday the grand match, North vs. South, takes place at the Park, and with that contest the curling season will culminate. Mr. Lewis ably discharged the duties of umpire, and the Scotch cheered the Americans heartily at the close.

BUFFALO vs. ST. THOMAS.

A return match between the St. Thomas, Ont., and the Buffalo, N. Y., Clubs was played in the Buffalo rink, latter city, Feb. 4, with the following result:

BUFFALO.	Rink No. 1.	ST. THOMAS.
S. M. Evry,	A. Bates,	
W. H. Baker,	T. H. Bradley,	
C. W. Holloway,	J. Mickleborough,	
L. Kirkover, skip	30 D. E. Broderick, skip	10
	Rink No. 2.	
T. Buchheit,	J. H. Burton,	
A. M. Adams,	J. Carrie,	
W. T. Smith,	J. McAdam,	
C. Berrick, skip	29 A. Cochrane, skip	10
	Rink No. 3.	
J. B. Higham,	J. Stewart,	
W. Brown,	J. M. Greene,	
W. Moses,	Dr. Curles,	
J. Walls, skip	26 S. O. Perry, skip	25
Total	85 Total	54

The first match was also won by the Buffalo Club. After the match the visitors were treated to a banquet at the Tifft House.

THE GAME IN NOVA SCOTIA.

A match took place at Halifax, N. S., Monday, Jan. 31, between All-comers and the Scotch-born members of the Halifax Curling Club, which resulted in a victory for the former by the following score:

ALL-COMERS.	Rink No. 1.	SCOTCH-BORN.
P. S. West,	Murray,	
W. E. West,	Jack,	
Kaye,	McNab,	
Romans, skip	19 Murdoch, skip	4
	Rink No. 2.	
Wier,	Hedley,	
Tupper,	Spry,	
Sutliffe,	Thompson,	
Kerr, skip	15 Johnson, skip	11
Total	34 Total	15

Play at points for the Drummond Stones at Halifax, N. S., resulted in a victory for H. Romans, who scored 17 points.

THE STATEN ISLAND CRICKET CLUB.—The ninth annual meeting of this club was held at Delmonico's, this city, on Wednesday night of Feb. 7, when there was a numerous and influential attendance of members present. The proceedings were confined to the election of officers and new members and the reception of reports. The election resulted thus: President, Wm. Krebs; vice-president, Erastus Wyman; secretary, E. H. Outerbridge; treasurer, W. K. Bear. Board of directors—Messrs. W. J. M. Donald, R. B. Whittemore, C. S. Schofield Jr., B. R. Kirkland and J. R. Moore. The secretary's report showed that the books contained a roll of nearly four hundred members, of which over seventy were juniors. The treasurer's report showed a balance in favor of the club of over $300, the club now being out of debt, despite of heavy expenditures last season.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Continued from page 375.

DRAMATIC.

THE LYCEUM DRAMATIC COMPANY perform in Great Falls, N. H., Feb. 9, Dover 10.

CHARLES RUSH WITHERELL died on Feb. 5, of consumption, at the residence of his brother-in-law, J. Fred Zimmerman, Philadelphia. He was born in Cincinnati in 1853, and made his first appearance on the dramatic stage in September, 1877, at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, where he remained all that season. Afterwards he became a lecturer with J. F. Zimmerman's picture of "The Siege of Paris." Some time before his death he gave up both the stage and lecturing, and entered into the drug business. His funeral is to take place on Feb. 9.

AT DICKSON'S GRAND OPERA-HOUSE, Indianapolis, Ind., Annie Pixley was seen in "Miss" Jan. 31. Feb. 1, 2, and matinee, to excellent business, the house at the afternoon performance being crowded. "Sam'l of Posen"? 7, 8, 9, followed by "My Partner" 10, 11, 12.....Kate Claxton began a season of four performances at English's Opera-house 3 in "The Snow Flower." The patronage was fairly good. "Frou-Frou" was given 4, and "The Two Orphans" at the two performances 5; Fanny Davenport 7, 8, 9, Janauschek 10, 11, 12 .....W. E. Sheridan and Jas. X. Murdoch are booked at English's in March, when it is expected that Mrs. Annie Fox-English will tread the boards for the first time since her retirement from professional life. .....The Dicksons, always energetic, have finally secured Bernhardt for two performances 25, 26....Fred Felton's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Troupe, judging from recent advices, is "roughing it" in Illinois, with every prospect of a speedy close of its brief season. Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Crane have left the company.

THE LEAVITT OPERA-BURLESQUE TROUPE.—Our Chicago, Ill., correspondent gives the following version of their troubles: "Leavitt did not go to San Francisco with his company. Manager Maguire broke his engagement with him at Baldwin's Theatre. Originally the contract was for full through fare both ways, and they were to stay as long as they were wanted. The tickets were not forthcoming, and, an arrangements were only made from Chicago to Omaha by Maguire, Leavitt declined the risk, notwithstanding Maguire's assurance that the amount would be made good at the other end. This left the entire company at expense in Chicago and no cases ahead. They play in the State this week, and next open at the Olympic. Selma Dolaro leaves the company, Mr. Leavitt having compromised with her, and paid the expenses of herself and maid to Europe."

AT THE OPERA-HOUSE, Louisville, Ky., "Deacon Crankett" was played Feb. 3, 4, 5 and matinee to very light business. The house will be closed the week of 7. Booked: Warner's benefit 16, Soldene 17, 18, 19 and matinee.....Booked at Macauley's Theatre: Robson and Crane 9, for four nights and matinee, Lotta 14, one week, and Sarah Bernhardt 21, 22.....Wm. A. Warner, manager of the Opera-house, and the oldest theatrical man in Kentucky, has been tendered a benefit by his many friends, to take place 16 at the Opera-house, when "The Long Strike" and "The Loan of a Lover" will be presented by the leading members of local dramatic talent.

A FAILURE.—Alexander Dumas' comedy entitled "The Princess of Bagdad," which was produced at the Theatre Francais, Paris, France, Feb. 1, a cablegram says, "proved a tremendous failure. It was hissed several times during the piece, and was mercilessly cut up by the critics the next morning."

BRIGHT SCINTILLATIONS were thrown off at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, by Willie Edouin's Sparks Combination, in the amusing sketch "Dreams, or Fun in a Photograph Gallery," during the week ending Feb. 5. Business good. Feb. 7 Smith & Mestayer's Tourists will begin their third engagement at this house the present season.

ADA GRAY'S COMBINATION may be looked for in Quincy, Fla., Feb. 7, 8, Tallahassee 9, 10, 11, 12, Monticello 14, 15, Madison 16, 17, Lake City 18, 19, Jacksonville 21, for one week.

MISS. THOMAS, her daughter and Eugene Wiley are to appear in Music Hall, Waltham, Mass., Feb. 12, in the comedies "Which" and "All that Glitters is Not Gold," under the management of H. F. Warren. Support will be given by local talent.

ABBEY'S "HUMPTY DUMPTY" COMBINATION are billed in Willimantic, Ct., Feb. 7, Worcester, Mass., 8, New London, Ct., 9, Pawtucket, R. I., 10, Woonsocket 11, Providence 12, 13, Taunton 14, Newport, R. I., 15, Chelsea, Mass., 16, Gloucester 22.

SALSBURY'S TROUBADOURS are announced in Bridgeport, Ct., Feb. 14, New Haven 15, Waterbury 16, Hartford 17, Springfield, Mass., 18, Worcester 19.

LAWRENCE BARRETT and company are to perform in Richmond, Va., Feb. 7, 8, Charleston, S. C., 9, Savannah, Ga., 10, Augusta 11, Macon 12, New Orleans, La., 14, two weeks.

MRS. SCOTT-SIDDONS' dramatic company are billed in Pawtucket, R. I., Feb. 7, Lowell, Mass., 8, New Bedford 9, Fall River 10, Manchester, N. H., 11, Lawrence, Mass., 12, Providence, R. I., 14, 15, 16, 17, Milford, Mass., 18, Woonsocket, R. I., 19.

NICK LONGWORTH'S DRAMATIC COMBINATION plays under the management of C. H. Smith in Norwich, Ct., Feb. 7, Fall River, Mass., 8, Taunton 9, Plymouth 10, Brockton 11, Lowell 12, Manchester, N. H., 14, Nashua 15, Keene 16, Fitchburg, Mass., 17, Marlboro 18, Clinton 19.

GENEVIEVE WARD and company, under Col. W. E. Sinn., are to appear in Lynn, Mass., Feb. 14, Manchester, N. H., 16, New Haven, Ct., 19.

WILLIAM WARREN'S (Boston, Mass.) Museum Company play "The Guy'nor" in Salem, Mass., Feb. 14, Waltham 15, Lynn 16, Pawtucket, R. I., 17, Providence 18, 19, New Bedford, Mass., 21, Haverhill 22, Chelsea 23, Brockton 24, Fall River 25, Portsmouth, N. H., 28.

GEORGE HACKETT, manager of the Providence, R. I., Opera-house, will succeed Charles H. Smith in the management of the Academy of Music, Fall River, Mass., but will not relinquish his Providence establishment.

BASSETT'S "BRIC-A-BRAC" COMPANY will be in Willimantic, Ct., Feb. 8, Pawtucket, R. I., 9.

JOSEPH MURPHY plays in Bridgeport, Ct., Feb. 7, Waterbury 8, New Haven 9, Fortland, Me., 16.

NEIL BURGESS' "How'd You Do, Bedott" TROUPE are due in Zanesville, O., Feb. 7, Youngstown 8, Erie, Pa., 9, Hornellsville, N. Y., 10, Binghamton 11, Orange, N. J., 12.

A FEW GOOD PEOPLE are wanted by F. G. White, as advertised. White's Dramatic Combination is now playing through Kentucky.

THE JOLLY PATHFINDERS—J. N. Rentfrow proprietor and Wm. Eversole business-manager—may be looked for in New Castle, Pa., Feb. 7, Warren, O., 8, Ravenna 9, Akron 10, Canton 11, Newcomerstown 12, Steubenville 14, Cadiz 15, Coshocton 16, Zanesville 17, Circleville 18.

ALBRICH & PARSLOE'S COMBINATION is billed in Akron, O., Feb. 7, Columbus 8, 9, Indianapolis, Ind., 10, 11, 12, St. Louis, Mo., 13 to 20, Terre Haute, Ind., 21, Louisville, Ky., 22, 23, 24, 25, 26.

J. H. LANGSDORF'S COMPANY, the stock company for Denver, Col., Rose Lisle, leading lady; Lillian Joyce Eldridge, juvenile; and J. H. Hazeltine, general business.

SMITH & MESTAYER'S TOURISTS are to play in Jersey City, N. J., Feb. 14, 15, Newark 16, 17, Paterson 18, 19, and open in New York City 21, for two weeks.

AT THE MASONIC THEATRE, Nashville, Tenn., Charlotte Thompson's blue ribbon is in high business. John McCullough comes 7, for one week.

MR. AND MRS. CHANFRAU are billed in Wheeling, W. Va., Feb. 8, 9, Cumberland, Md., 10, 11, Hagerstown 12, Staunton, Va., 14, Richmond 15, 16, 17, Norfolk 18, 19.

GEORGE A. CROSBY, formerly of Buffalo Bill's Combination, died of consumption in Manchester, N. H., Feb. 2.

HARRY RICH denies the report that he joined the "Nip and Tuck" combination in Toronto, Ont. He is still playing Tim Crane in "Widow Bedott" with Neil Burgess' Company.

HORACE WALL arrived in Paris, France, Feb. 5.

MUSICAL.

THE RIVE-KING CONCERT COMPANY concertized in Pike's Opera-house, Cincinnati, Feb. 4, and matinee 5. Mrs. King was too ill to appear the first night. Business moderate. The Soldene Comic-opera Company open for a week 7, and the Mahn Opera Company follow 14.

AT MACAULEY'S THEATRE, Louisville, Ky., Mahn's Comic-opera Company sang "Boccaccio" Jan. 31, Feb. 1, 2, 3, with "Chimes of Normandy" and "Fatinitza" 5, to only moderate business.....Prof. Eichorn and orchestra of forty pieces leave 27 for Memphis to attend the Mardi-gras festivities.....Miss Jennie Winston was taken suddenly ill 3, and was unable to appear in "Boccaccio."

CORINNE'S MERRYMAKERS sang in La Crosse, Wis., Jan. 31, Feb. 1, Dubuque, Ia., 2, 3, Davenport 4, Quincy, Ill., 5; thence to St. Joseph, Mo., 7, 8, Topeka, Kas., 9, 10.

THE RIVE-KING COMPANY sang in Indianapolis, Ind., Jan. 31.....Camilla Urso, supported by the Mendelssohn Quintet Club, gave three performances 4, 5.

THE TEMPLE QUARTET AND GLEE CLUB of Boston concertized in Tweddle Hall, Albany, N. Y., Feb. 3, to a small audience.....Litta and company are to sing in Martin Hall 18.

THE ORCHESTRA and brass band of the Grand Opera-house, Toronto, Ont., can be engaged. See G. J. Timpson's card.

"MARTHA" was sung by the German-opera Company, under the management of Robert Tagg, at Concordia Hall, Philadelphia, Jan. 29, Feb. 1 and 2. "Pinafore" being given the rest of the week. Business excellent.

ONE HUNDRED MUSICIANS are to be furnished by the Germania Orchestra of Philadelphia for the forthcoming Inauguration ball at Washington, a contract to that effect having been signed by the Germania's director Feb. 1.

MUSICIANS AND PERFORMERS are wanted for the Great Parisian Exposition. See Charles Hunter's card.

A CLARIONET AND ALTO PLAYER is wanted by "Leader," who advertises.

FROM NEW ORLEANS, La., a correspondent wrote Feb. 2 as under: "The season at the French Opera-house is fast drawing to a close, and benefits are now in order. Since my last 'La Favorite,' 'Les Huguenots' and 'Paul et Virginie' have been produced, and at the matinee Feb. 2 'Robert le Diable,' when the prices of admission was reduced to $1.....At the St. Charles Theatre Strakosch and Hess' Opera Troupe terminated their engagement Jan. 29. The weather was detrimental to their business. In order to lessen railroad expenses Mr. Strakosch decided upon curtailing the number of his chorus, and ten of them, five of each sex, that had been drawn by lot, were sent to Baltimore to remain there until the arrival of the troupe, later in the season."

THE HAVERHILL (N. H.) MUSICAL ASSOCIATION opened their fourth annual convention Jan. 31, with Prof. Joseph P. Cobb of Boston director and conductor, Mrs. Martha Dana Shepard of Ashland pianist, and Mrs. Jennie Patrick Walter of Boston as principal vocalist. The officers of the Association are: Peabody W. Kimball, president; George H. Stevens, treasurer; Tyler Westgate, secretary; and F. W. Kimball, E. B. Ham, Milo Bailey, C. B. Griswold, C. M. Carleton, S. S. Page, Rev. G. N. Bryant, W. O. Burbeck and Charles P. Page, executive committee.

THE COUNTRY RESIDENCE of Mme. Rudersdorff, together with the furniture there at the time in Berlin, Mass., was entirely destroyed by fire during the night of Jan. 31. The lady was in Boston, and estimates her loss between $5,000 and $6,000; the insurance amounted to $3,500. The fire originated in one of the rooms, which contained an open fireplace.

THE BERGERS' CONCERT COMPANY sang in Charleston, S. C., Jan. 31, Feb. 1, Newberry 2, Anderson 4, Greenville 5, going thence to Spartanburg 7, Salsbury 8, Charlotte 9, Yorkville 10, Chester 11, Winnsboro 12.

MUSICIANS are wanted for the Great Western Military Band, which will travel the coming season with a railroad show. Address G. W. Dixon, as per card.

MILES' JUVENILE-OPERA COMPANY appeared in Library Hall, Pittsburg, Pa., in "The Chimes of Normandy" Jan. 31, Feb. 1, and matinee 2. "Little Duke" and "Pinafore" constituted the bills for the rest of the week, the average attendance being limited, but the performances giving satisfaction.

A B-FLAT CORNET-PLAYER would like to engage with a circus party. See William Graham's card.

"PITY THE POOR" and "A Rose from Mother's Grave," two of the most popular songs of the day, can be had at Hitchcock's, as advertised.

MUSICIANS are wanted for a circus starting out April 15. See A. D. Swan's advertisement.

REMENYI played before an audience of 3,000 persons in the Music Hall, Detroit, Mich., Feb. 3.

"OLIVETTE," the latest musical sensation, was heard for the first times in Boston, Mass., at the Gaiety Theatre during the past week. The adaptation from the French says our correspondent, "was made by Blanche Corelli, the orchestration from the piano-score by John J. Braham of the Boston Museum, and the credit of producing the work rests with Miss Corelli. The music of the opera, as is well known, is melodious, sparkling and not so classic as to prevent its being easily remembered, and on these characteristics alone popularity was easily won. It is the most important work ever attempted at this theatre, and the sagacity of the management in being the first in the field is to be heartily commended. Of the performance it may be said that musically it was good. The work, touching so closely the confines of French opera-bouffe, demands a higher order of histrionic talent to properly bring out all the comedy it contains; but several of the artists, and Mr. Sturges and Mr. Greensfelder in particular, can be said to have won a decided success. The full cast was as follows: Valentine, officer of the Rousillon Guards, also Capt. De Merrimac, Commander of the Cormorant, Henri Laurent; Duc Des Iis, cousin and heir to the Countess, Harry Brown; Coquelicot, his foster-brother, J. S. Greensfelder; Marvejol, Mayor of Perpignan, Harry Haskell; Barbasson, innkeeper, James Hall; Lartimon, Wm. Morris; Olivette, Miss Blanche Corelli; Batilde, Countess of Rousillon, Miss Helen Grayson; Amelia, Miss Lillie West; Monrique, Captain's boy, Miss Ella Caldwell; Mistigris, mariner, Miss Florence Duranc; Lecureuil, mariner, Miss Belle Renaud; Paul and Romeo, pages of the Countess, Misses Rebecca and Gabriel; Romeo and Rose, attendants, Misses Wood; Countess, Misses Bernard and Templer; Rosina, Miss Reed. The principals are nearly all well known here, and, though the preliminary labor was great, they all acquitted themselves well vocally. Repetitions were given in the afternoon, and Greensfelder had to repeat his couplets in the first and the song of 'Jamaica Rum' in the last act, while Miss Corelli answered an encore to the sobbing-song and the one and six to the oddity 'The Torpedo and the Whale.' Mr. Greensfelder spiritedly and archly and grotesquely in the double parts of Valentine and Captain De Merrimac. The chorus was large, comprising about twenty-five of the cream of those people in the vicinity of the 'Hub.' 'Ora,' and was one of the best features of the performance, and that body and the enlarged orchestra were directed by G. B. Snyder. The accessories in scenery, costumes and appointments were new and elegant. The scenic artist, J. Reid, an artist whose work has never been recognized before, providing the three elaborate sets, and the numerous dresses of principals and chorus being rich, odd and tasteful. There was a very large audience present on the opening night, and during the rest of the week the attendance was good. 'Olivette' will be kept on another week....."

Georg Henschel, baritone, gave his second vocal recital in Trumpet Hall, Boston, with assistance from B. J. Lang, pianist, and Lillian Bailey, soprano. ....Prof. Chas. H. Morse gave his last organ-recital in Tremont Temple afternoon of 31.....Herman P. Perkins, musical director of the Tremont Temple Choir, has been presented by the society with an elegant baton.....A new orchestral association has been formed in this city, modeled after that of Brooklyn, N. Y., called the Philharmonic Society, composed entirely of amateur instrumental performers. It is proposed to give five concerts each year, to which no tickets will be sold, there being already over six hundred associate members who are entitled to four seats. Only the rehearsals to be public, and an admission-fee charged. There are twenty-five directors, who will be elected at an annual meeting of the subscribers, and they in turn will choose the officers and fill the vacancies in their own number, if not yet been decided upon. The organization is as follows: Board of directors—Professor John K. Paine, Ernest Perabo, John Orth, Julius Eichberg, William H. Sherwood, George L. Osgood, G. W. Chadwick, J. W. Tufts, Junius W. Hill, C. H. Morse, William J. Winch, Benj. E. Woolf, E. H. Clement, Joseph Sawyer, H. D. Williams, W. O. Grover, J. T. Duryea, H. C. Angell, Weston Lewis, Oliver Ames, A. C. Farley, Alanson Bigelow Jr., Eugene B. Hagar and W. Anderson. The following officers: President, Professor John K. Paine; vice-president, Dr. Henry C. Angell; treasurer, Oliver Ames; secretary, Henry E. Williams; music committee—George L. Osgood, Benj. E. Woolf and Orth, and W. Anderson; librarian—W. O. Grover. Joseph Sawyer and E. H. Clement.....The third Euterpe concert took place in Mechanics' Hall 2.....The Helvetia Singing Society of Boston Highlands has recently reorganized with the following officers: Director elected: President, George Ziegler; vice-president, Charles Scheidegger; secretary, Albert Wisnari; treasurer, Peter Schuerch; librarian, John Walch.....The sixth symphony concert of the fifteenth season of the Harvard Musical Association was given in Music Hall afternoon of 3, May Bryant being the vocalist. Carl Zerrahn conductor, and Bernhard Listemann violin leader.....The invitation concerts of the Apollo Club occurred in Music Hall 4, John T. Winch, Hattie E. Simms, B. J. Lang and a full orchestra assisting..... Gustav Satter continued his piano-concerts in the Melonean 4, entertaining the pupils of the High schools afternoon of 7, and gives his final concerts 9 and afternoon of 11 ....Arthur W. Foote, pianist, gave the first of his series of concerts in Chickering Hall 5, with the assistance of May Bryant, vocalist; Charles Adams, violinist, and Wulf Fries, 'cello.....Timothi Adamowski and his newly-organized string quartet make their first public appearance in concert in the Melonean 7, with the assistance of B. J. Lang and John Orth, pianists, and George L. Osgood, tenor.....The concert announced by Helen Lawson to occur at Mechanics' Hall 8 is postponed on account of the illness of the lady.....Otto Bendix will give his third piano-forte recital afternoon of 10, assisted by Gustav Dannreuther, violinist, and Mrs. H. F. Knowles, vocalist.....Prof. J. W. Turner is to give his annual concert in Lyceum Hall, East Boston, 10, with assistance from Florence Davis-Calder, Mrs. W. S. James,

DER ' VLYING DOOTCHMANS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY SI SLOKUM.

Dhey telled so mooch ost dhis "land of der vree"
Is der vaterlandt, vere I pelongs,
I tert I gome oter meinselfs vor do see
Oof dhey telled me der righds or der wrongs.
Dhey telled me oof liberdies beyles haf here
Dot dhey don'd neter haf oddervheres;
Oot yreedoms der beepies all dink vas so tear,
Und how vell dey vorked unter me'se.

I gomes ofer here more gwick as I coot,
Vor do see vat I sees py mein eyes;
Mein Gott in der himmels! I vind oud der troot—
Dot dhey telled me den donnand oof lies!
Dot liberdies vich vas so blendy dhey say
I ken vound him novheres I haf look;
Der vreedoms dhey telled of I gan gets oud der vay,
Und I dinks dhey vill git me der shook!

I sdand py der gorners acht minuds or drei,
Und der goppers dhey telled me: "Mofe on!"
I lays on der grass, und der barkmen's oudgry:
"Vere dot, you Dootch snoozer, pegone!"

I go in der East-rifer wasser do swim,
Und I haf do "swim oud" burty gwick;
Der goppers dhey me der Chudge do see him,
Und der vine dot he say mek me sick.

I'se sing in der sdreeds vhen der nooht vas heere down,
Und dhem goppers oudgry: "Vedge dot, Krubs!"
I'ye smoose on der pench I vas in der barks of der town,
Und dhey blays on mein veets mit dheir clubs.
I go do some boldices meedings vese nighd,
Und I dinks dhey vas in der dakes vat I dinks;
Dhey gry: "Dek a dumbie, you uffer, und slide,"
Und dhey pounce me as gwick as you vinks.

I say vrite bolite do a girl vat I see,
Who vas sweebing der sidevalks vone day:
"Goot mornings, fraulein, how you vas?" und say she:
"Sgip der gudders, you Doodsches, or I'll dook you vay!"
I gost, bud I say afore dot: "Vhy, mein tear,
I shall sgip in der gudders mit dirt!
I no unnerstand me dose langvridges so gweer!"—
Say she: "you Dutch, you Dootch blokes, or pe hurt!"

Vone Sonntays id rains, und do kirche I vend,
Und der predniger say I vas lood:
"Nein, nein," ond I gry; "I no lood vor a vend,
I haf ill here dose leben months mood.
In Rifingdon sdreeds"— But jost dhen I vas pin
Py some mens, und dook off do a veil
Vy gongeal ot vas runned mit a vhition-haus in,
Vhile der Chudge der nexd day git me beil!

A lager-bier haus I go indo voke day.
Und some vellers dhey sing in der blace,
But not py mineself, vich I dinks vighd away,
Vas a vaterland song oot der chase.

I say, "Mein root vreends, oof you blease, you no sing
Dot gryin vighd; I"—"Sh!" dhey gry,
Und "Bull down your vead!" "Who's a doing dhis ding,
Chonny Vreah!" "You'll ged busd in der eye."

I drife a man's vagon der market-haus down,
Und der hoss he sdops still in der sdreets;
I dalk and I voax, svear I do him vell prown,
Bud he vouldn't go 'long mit his veets.
"Ve vam!" I oudgry, "he shall valk on his ear,"
Und I peat mit der vhips on his head;
Mein Gott in der himmels! Herr Bergh he sdood near,
Und I sleeb in der sdation-house bed!

Mein birdday I celebrates vhen he abbear,
Mit der Rhine wine und lager und gin;
Get "vuller as goats," as der Yankees say here,
Und py nam! bud dhem goats vas mein.
I vas vreedom vas dot! I vould like joost to know
Vhere vas liberdies? Oud on der vly!
I say vat I dinks, und I dinks I vas so,
Dot you vound dhey vas "all in your eye!"

I say do a mans "Vot der dime vas?" vone nighd,
Und he say: "You pe tam! I guess not!
I'll pud you a head on, mein dove;" und he slide
Oud his viad at mein vace like a shot!
I puys me vone bistol mein ite do mek safe,
Und a gopper he seen it und say:
"You parry gonceal dings, offense iery grafe,"
Und he runned me der sdations avay!

Vone sighd vhen id rains, mit a door I stop py
Dill der railroads hat gome dop I chose;
Dhen I vent pefore long a tam goppers oudgry:
"Ouder dot, you tam snoozer—vamose!"
Mose mat as der teufel, I say: "Vhy you gall
Me tam snoozer, you gop? I'm avake."
"Gome, git," he oudgry, "or you hears someding vall,
Und I glub oud your life ina shake."

Der gats in der yard py der hauss in der back,
Dhey haf geep me avake all der nighds;
So mat dhey mek me dot I sick 'em mit Jack—
He mein tog—und he shases apout like vlashes!
Und vot you dinks I vas doing? Vhy, dot Bergh vor me go,
Und he haf me agen py der gourts
For grueling mit der tam gats! Das ist so,
Und I'm sick, und I can'd "holt der vorts!"

Und dhese I hat telled vas der liberdies dot
I haf vound in dhis "land oof der vree;"
Der vreedoms dhey telled I vas in, I haf here red hot—
Ach, mein Gott! I'm bad blendies ver me!
Mein Gott in der himmels! sooch goundries vas dhis,
Vhere a man's he can'd stop a door gry;
Nor will some dons gare vor dhe cry py St. Kris—
Dot haf geep him avake dill he vly!

I'm sick, und I vand do go home do Berlin,
Vhere sooch liberdies vasn't abound;
Vhere vreedoms vere nefer heerd vasn't so "dhin,"
Und pe sure I shall "sdep down und oud."
I vies vrom der land more as gwicker as—vell,
I ain'dt Bleeger dimes defer git
Do Vaterland vly py der sdeamers Moselle—
I'm der vlying oud Dootchmans, you bet!

CAST UPON THE WORLD:

A STORY OF AVARICE AND CRIME.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY CHAS. E. PERRINE (C. E. NEWTON, DRAMATIST),

Author of "Out at Sea," "Nannette Labarre," "A Night of Horror," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII.

Some time elapsed after Norton's departure before Ella found herself sufficiently composed to review the incidents of the past two hours, and decide upon her future movements. Her own sense of self-respect would not permit her to remain longer an inmate of Mrs. Stevens' family. She must seek shelter elsewhere. But where should she go? She who knew so little of life—an entire stranger in the great busy city—must go forth to battle with the world, encounter disappointments and poor in sympathy. Her heart grew faint and cold within her at the thought. She retired to her chamber, and there upon her knees prayed to Heaven for succor in this her hour of greatest need. She arose with more courage and self-reliance, feeling an assurance that some way out of her misery and despair would be opened to her. When the dinner-bell sounded she did not go downstairs, for her head ached and her eyes were red and swollen from weeping. She seated herself at the window and gazed out into the gathering gloom, endeavoring to settle upon some plan for the future. She decided to leave Mrs. Stevens' house the next day and obtain a comfortable home in some quiet neighborhood; then she would set about seeking employment. She felt that she had several resources. She possessed a highly-cultivated soprano voice, and was also a good pianist, and could, therefore, become a teach vocal and instrumental music. She was a thorough French and English scholar. Certainly possessing these accomplishments, she reasoned, she ought to experience but little difficulty in providing for herself. Alas! she did not know how many highly-gifted men and women have struggled and are struggling to-day against privation and want, only to fall in the end, weak and worn victims before their cruel adversaries. She did not dread the perspective struggle half so much now that her plans were formed. She had but one fear—the persecution of Frederick Norton. She could not drive from her memory his last speech: "You shall repent these words of—remember!" And the malignant look which had accompanied the words was still fresh in her memory. She must avoid meeting him again; yet how could she, if he saw fit to seek her out? Suddenly an excellent idea presented itself. She would change her name, and thus evade him. Her mother's name was before her marriage Warburton. She would adopt that, and henceforth be known as Ella Warburton.

She was startled from her musing by the sound of someone tapping upon her door. Opening it, she found Mollie, the chambermaid, standing without.

"Mrs. Stevens," said the girl, "sent me up to ask if you are not coming down to dinner, Miss Ella?" Then, noticing the pallor of Ella's face, she exclaimed: "Gracious me! are you sick, miss? Is there anything I can do for you?"

"No, thank you, Mollie," replied Ella: "I am not ill, and there is nothing you can do for me, unless—"

"Unless what, miss? If I can serve you, don't be afraid to say so."

"I was going to ask you, Mollie," proceeded Ella, after a moment's hesitation, "whether you could spare me a little of your time later in the evening to assist me in packing my trunks, for to-morrow I am going away from here."

"Going away!" exclaimed the girl in apparent astonishment.

"Yes," replied Ella.

"Any bad news, miss?—death of a friend or anything of the like?" asked the girl, stepping into the room.

"No, Mollie, nothing of that kind." Then, after a pause, she added, "I have no friends, though I never needed one more than now."

"Don't say so, Miss Ella, for you have one in me, if I am only a servant; and if there is anything in this world I can do for you, don't be backward about telling me what it is."

The girl's words touched Ella's heart, and the tears came to her eyes as she exclaimed:

"O Mollie! I am very, very desolate and miserable!"

"Poor young thing! you do not know how sorry I am for you, and how faithfully I would serve you if I could."

"Mollie," said Ella, turning towards her companion, "there is one thing which you can perhaps, do for me. I have decided to leave here to-morrow. I will not explain why, but it is very necessary that I should go. I am a stranger in this city, and do not know where to look for shelter. Perhaps you can help me out of my dilemma."

"I know of plenty of hotels and nice boarding houses, miss," replied the girl.

"You do not understand me," said Ella. "I am anxious to find a quiet home in some remote part of the city, where I would meet but few people and be free from annoyances and intrusion. I wish to live alone in perfect solitude, where I will see nothing to remind me of the past."

"I do not know what your trouble is," replied Mollie. "But I think I understand you now, and can find a place which will suit you."

"Do you think so?" asked Ella eagerly.

"Yes," replied the other, "I have an aunt, a very respectable woman, who lives alone in a plain little house on the east side of the city. She rents the upper floor to a young man and his wife, and by the aid of her needle—she does fancy work for stores—she manages to live quite comfortably. If I was to see her I think I could get her to take you to board, if you would not object to a plain place."

"Such is precisely the kind of place I want," said Ella, her face brightening. "When could you see your aunt?"

"To-night, if you wish," replied the girl. "This is my evening out."

"I do wish it," replied Ella. "If you will try and persuade your aunt to receive me in her home—if only for the time being—you will do me a lasting favor, Mollie."

"Don't speak of it as a favor, miss," said Mollie. "I am happy, at the thought of being able to serve you. I will see my aunt to-night, and make the arrangement without fail."

"Thank you, Mollie! thank you!" and Ella seized the girl's hands in hers and pressed them warmly. "But there is one thing I nearly forgot to tell you," she added. "For the present it is of the greatest importance to my welfare that my identity should not become known, therefore I have decided upon assuming another name—my mother's maiden name, Warburton. I tell you this in confidence, and by that you will keep it a close secret. I feel certain I can trust you."

"You need have no anxiety about that, miss," replied Mollie, with apparent sincerity. "What you tell me in secret no living soul will ever know from my lips."

"I have every faith in you, Mollie," replied the deluded girl. "Your kind services shall not go unrewarded, depend upon it. But bear in mind that from the moment I leave this house I am Ella Warburton, and no longer Ella Thorndyke, and, above all, never breathe to a soul beneath this roof that you are aware of my whereabouts."

"I promise you I will not, miss," she responded. "And I believe you. And when I am safely lodged in your aunt's house I will explain to you the cause of my strange movements and the reason I wish them kept a profound secret; but for the present be satisfied with my saying that I am not actuated to take this step by any fear of disgrace or shame. I am flying from the persecution of a villain, and I can no longer remain here in safety."

"Good Heaven, miss, you frighten me!" exclaimed her companion, with a well-assumed display of terror. "I will not lose a moment, but will see my aunt at once, so that she will be ready for you in the morning. But I must go—they will be wondering what keeps me here so long. Shan't I bring you up a bit of toast and a cup of tea?"

"No, thank you, Mollie; I have no appetite."

"And about the packing, miss?"

"I will manage that: while you are at your aunt's."

"Very well, miss; and when I come back, which will be about ten o'clock, I'll stop on my way upstairs and let you know what time my aunt will be ready for you, ank all about it."

"I will leave my door ajar—so you need not knock."

"All right, miss," and the girl passed out of the room.

"God has answered my prayer!" exclaimed Ella gratefully, "and sent me the friend I need."

Poor child! She little thought that the girl who had just left her was abetting a plot for her destruction—that within half an hour Frederick Norton's hireling Morry would be in possession of the full knowledge of her plans—that the woman whose dwelling was to become her home was the associate of lawless characters—that her house was the repository of their plunder, and that within its walls fugitives from the law had been concealed, and the place of clever swindles and gigantic robberies concocted.

Ella at once set about collecting and packing her effects away in the large trunks which stood in the closet off her room. She had decided not to apprise Mrs. Stevens of her intended departure until the next morning, for she knew by the sound which reached her from below stairs that she was entertaining company in the drawing-room. She had about finished packing when Mollie returned.

"It's all right, Miss Ella," she said, as she entered the room. "My aunt was quite pleased at the thought of your coming; and I've been thinking the matter over since I left you, and have got an idea to offer. Do you think you could get along without your trunks?"

"Without my trunks? Why?"

"Because by your trunks you could be very easily traced to your new home. Either the expressman or hack-driver who carried them could give information that would make it an easy matter for anyone to find you. Now, my advice is for you to take all of your valuable things and do them up in two large bundles to-night. But I forgot to ask does Mrs. Stevens know you are going?"

"No."

"Do you want her to know it?"

"How can it be avoided?"

"Easily enough."

"But I am indebted to her for her hospitality."

"Then leave a note on your dressing-case thanking her."

"But what would she think of my treating her in such a manner?"

"Don't worry yourself about that. Neither the mistress or the young ladies will mourn after you. They are too jealous of your pretty face and brilliant eyes for much sorrow to fall to their lot. I've overheard enough to satisfy me of that."

Ella bit her lip as she recalled the scene she had witnessed and the conversation she had overheard between the two sisters that very afternoon. Presently she said:

"Granting that I decide to keep my departure a secret from Mrs. Stevens—from everyone, in fact, but you—what is your suggestion?"

"Simply this," answered the girl. "Bundle up the best of your things, as I said before, and tomorrow morning before six o'clock you, with one bundle and I with the other, will quietly leave the house. I can see you safely to my aunt's, and get back myself within an hour. The mistress never leaves her room before eight o'clock, and it will be nine before they find that you are gone."

Ella was favorably impressed with the plan, and thanked the girl warmly for proposing it. But little imagined that the principal object of her adviser was to obtain possession of the many valuable articles of clothing she must necessarily leave behind her.

"Your plan is a good one," she said to her counselor, "and before six to-morrow morning I will be ready."

She selected from her wardrobe only such things as she absolutely needed, and wrapped them up carefully in two bundles. She passed a sleepless night. Her feverish slumber was disturbed by frightful dreams, and with the first faint streaks of dawn she arose, and prepared to go forth into the world, unprotected and alone, to fight the battle of life.

CHAPTER VIII.

There are men—and unfortunately they are not few—upon whom sudden great fortune produces much the same effect as the most crushing disappointments. Under the influence of either of these conditions they lose for the time being their self-control, and give evidence of unbalanced mind. Of the latter class Thorndyke had been an inmate almost a fortnight.

"You're a great man, Morry—a great man," said Scanty, with undisguised admiration of his colleague.

"I flatter myself I am," replied the other, with a self-satisfied air. "I oughter have been a rich man ter day, an' would ha' been only I've had bad luck. I aint lackin' in talent, I aint. See how neat I've managed this bit o' business. Past I gits ther scent from Mollie, then I makes my bargain, not forgettin' ter have a agreement in writin', then I goes ahead—but werry carefully, werry carefully, and acordin' ter a system. Mollie gets ther pretty one ter leave ther big house without sayin' 'Good-bye' or 'Thank you' fer past favors, and in that way, yer see, I breaks all clue ter ther findin' o' her whereabouts. She goes ter Mother Belden's—by my suggestion, o' course. That sharp old lady wins her confidence by a hundred little acts and words. What's ther result? Why, she's been there only a little longer nor a week, and yet she's learned to believe that Mother Belden's a reg'lar through-and-through saint—ther very essence o' charity and truth. Fer three days she aint heard nothin' but stories about a poor sick gal, whose mother and mother was both frose ter death last Winter fer want o' fuel, and who's real poor, and aint got no relatives; but she's got a friend which allers takes her a basket o' provisions every Saturday night, and that are good, kind soul's Mother Belden herself. Ther basket is all ready at 9 o'clock, as usual, when ther dear old lady is took bad wid cramps inter her stomach. She can't carry ther basket, though it's only a distance o' three blocks from her house ter where ther sick gal lives. What's ter be done? Ther sick gal'll be awful disappointed, and probably pass Sunday without more nor a crust ter eat. She'd send a boy, but then there aint one in ther neighborhood she'd acquainted wid well enough ter trust. Then ther pretty 'un she feels so sorry fer ther sick 'un that she offers ter take ther basket. It aint far, and she won't be afraid so early in ther evenin'. At fust ther old lady won't listen to such er thing. Ther pretty 'un she insists, then ther old lady gives in, and wid tears in her eyes she puts ther basket inter ther other's hands. And so, yer see, ther pretty 'un starts on her charity errind, and before ten minutes is past she'll knock at that ere door."

And he pointed to a door opening into the passageway.

"And then what happens?" asked Scanty, with a nervous tremor in his voice.

"Why, I opens ther door and lets her in."

"And when she's in, what then?"

"Why, she don't go out again—by the door."

"How, then?"

"This way," replied the wretch, stooping, and, by the aid of a staple attached to the planks of the floor, lifting a small trap-door. "Yer see, down there's ther cellar, and there's a sewer running under ther floor o' it that empties inter ther river. Ther's a place in ther door as has fallen in —see"

"And yer mean——"

"I means that that's ther only way out o' this place for pretty girls wid wills as stands in ther way o' gentlemen as has a longin' ter be rich."

Scanty's thin face became ashy pale, and he shuddered as he said:

"I—I'm afraid I aint got nerve enough ter help yer wid this job, Morry. I don't mind anythin' in ther ordinary way; but when it comes ter dark cellars and filthy sewers—why, then I weakens, and I can't help it."

"I don't want no help from you, so far as that part o' ther job goes," responded his companion, rising and going to the cot and drawing a bottle from beneath the pillow. "There, take a pull at this," he added, passing it to Scanty. "It'll put some nerve inter yer."

The latter seized the bottle eagerly, and gulped down a good quantity of the liquor it contained.

"Now," resumed Morry, "what I wants yer ter do is this. Go outside and stand by ther door until she gets in. Ther aint no chence o' my bein' interrupted, fer ther landlord and his wife is gone ter a dance, and won't be back till morning. Ther front-room tenants on ther next floor moved out ter day, and ther feller what has ther room over this allers comes in drunk, so he wouldn't hear nothin' if there was a devel o' a row down here. As soon as she's safely inside I wants yer ter go ter Mother Belden's house, just as fast as yer legs'll carry yer. Ther old woman herself'll be gone ter market, and her house'll be all alone. Here's a key as'll fit ther night-latch. In ther second-story front-room there's a burer. In the top drawer o' that burer is a fancy box, and in that ere fancy box is $100 and a lot o' jewelry, which I wants you ter take charge of and carry ter our room, where I'll meet yer in less nor two hours."

"All right! I understand yer," said Scanty, moving towards the door.

At that instant someone entered the passageway. Both men bent forward, and listened intently, their eyes fixed on each other's faces. They heard foot steps ascend the stairs, and the door of the room above them open and close. It was Nat Garvin returning home after his good fortune.

"It's ther drunken feller!" whispered Morry. "In ten minutes he'll be fast asleep, and snorin' loud enough ter split ther shingles o' ther roof. But you must get outside. It's after nine, and she'll be here in er few minutes. Go."

Scanty passed out of the apartment, closing the door softly after him. As soon as he was gone Morry, seating himself upon the cot, drew a large sheath-knife from beneath the mattress, and examined it closely. In the meanwhile Nat, having closed and locked his door, proceeded to obtain a light in the room above. He experienced considerable difficulty in finding a match, but, after fumbling for several minutes in the drawer of his washing-stand amongst cigar-stumps, corks, playing-cards, broken pipes and loose tobacco, he succeeded in finding one which would ignite.

"Confound it!" he exclaimed, looking at the pendent in the bracket, "the rascals have taken eatn up half my candle; the supply of light is consequently limited to-night. Thank Heaven! this is the last night I shall pass in this miserable den!"

The candle sputtered and flickered before it burned steadily, diffusing but an indifferent light over the poor apartment. Removing his coat, Nat hung it over a round of the ladder which led up to the scuttle, opening from the room to the roof; then, taking a pail of water from the corner of the washstand, he seated himself upon the side of the bed, and began shuffling them. Suddenly he threw them from him, exclaiming:

"I want nothing more to do with you. From this night I am through with you forever. To-morrow I shall sail for Australia, the land of gold —gold—that dazzling god before whom great and small, rich and poor, alike bow low. I am determined, with my own hands, and with my own body stumbling-block this time. No, indeed! I intend to profit by the experience of the past."

From his pocket he drew forth the money he had won, and counted it over several times with evident gratification; then he held the roll of banknotes up before his eyes and looked at it admiringly, turning it over and over in much the same manner as a child inspects a new plaything. After several minutes passed in this way he carefully deposited the money in the inside pocket of his vest, and, taking up his pipe, proceeded to fill and light it. Someone knocked upon the door of the room below.

"Hello! Somebody is knocking at someone's door!" he exclaimed, as he threw himself back upon the bed and puffed huge clouds of thick, blue smoke into the air.

Morry sprang to his feet, slipped the knife he had been examining into his pocket, and opened the door. The uncertain light of the candle fell upon the beautiful features of our heroine. The ruffian for a moment stood transfixed with admiration of her loveliness. Her eyes were raised inquiringly towards his face, the fresh night-air had caused the color to deepen in her soft cheeks, which heightened the effect of her beauty.

"I beg your pardon," she said timidly; "I am looking for a sick girl who was told lived here."

"That's all right, miss," he replied. "This is where poor Louise lives. I'm a neighbor o' her'n, and came wid my wife ter see if we could do anythin' fer her, 'cause yer see she's a little worse ter night. Come in, miss."

He stepped aside and allowed her to enter, and as she crossed the threshold he closed the door and noiselessly drew the bolt.

"What a wretched place!" she said, looking about her. "I see no one here but you. Where is she—the sick girl?"

"Only in yer imagination, miss," he replied, with a sardonic grin.

"What do you mean?" she asked in alarm.

"I means that I've got yer jest where I wants yer, and if yer makes ther slightest noise I'll send yer inter ther next world widout givin' yer time ter say yer prayers," replied the ruffian.

The horrible situation dawned upon her mind. For a single moment she stood before him unable to move—paralyzed with fear. Then her terror gave her strength. She sprang towards the door, but he seized her before she could draw back the bolt and hurled her to the opposite side of the room.

"Great Heaven!" she cried, raising her hands imploringly towards him, "have pity on me! If you possess one human impulse release me—open that door and let me go."

She might as well have asked mercy of a hungry beast. Every brutal instinct within the man was aroused. He paid no attention to her entreaties. His features underwent a change.

"Help! help!" she shrieked in the extremity of her terror.

Nat Garvin heard her cry and started up.

"What is that?" he asked. "A woman's voice calling for help, and from the room below?" and he knelt down upon the floor and listened.

"If yer cry out or make another sound I'll put this inter yer!" ejaculated the murderous wretch, drawing the knife from his pocket and raising it above her.

"God help me!" she wildly cried. "Have you no feeling—no heart? Spare me! Please open that door and let me go."

"If I open that door," the wretch answered, with a demoniac laugh, "yer couldn't get away, for it's guarded on ther outside."

"Guarded!" exclaimed Nat, catching the words and starting to his feet. "Then I cannot save her! Yes, the scuttle! the roof!"

He sprang towards the ladder, and the next instant he had forced open the scuttle and was on the roof beside the broad chimney.

"Come, my pretty fun," said the brutal fiend, seizing her in his arms. "I wants a kiss from them rosy lips o' your'n."

Fear gave her supernatural strength, and she tore herself away from him, and rushed again towards the door, crying:

"Help! help!"

"Yer'll scream out again, will yer?" he exclaimed, beside himself with rage, as he sprang after her and seized her by the throat. He dragged her roughly back. "Then, by Heaven, I'll——"

The light dashed upon the blade of the knife as he raised it to strike. That very instant the fire-board fell with a crash, and Nat Garvin, begrimmed with soot and dirt, sprang into the room, struck the brute to the floor, and caught the fainting girl in his arms.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THEIR EPITAPHS.

In the churchyard of Hanslope is buried Sandy McKay, the Scottish giant, who was killed in a prize-fight with Simon Byrne. A headstone bears the following inscription:

Sacred to the memory of
ALEX. McKAY
(Late of Glasgow),
Who died 3d June, 1834,
Aged 26 years.
Strong and athletic was my frame;
Far from my native home I came,
And many fought with Simon Byrne;
Alas! but lived to return.
Reader, take warning of my fate,
Lest your allotment prove case too late;
If you have fought before,
Determine now to fight no more

Byrne was killed shortly afterwards whilst engaged in fighting.

From the prize-ring let us turn to cricket. In the Highgate cemetery, Lilly white, the celebrated cricketer, is buried, and over his remains is placed a monument with the significant emblem of a wicket being upset with a ball.

The following lines are said to be copies from the tombstone in a cemetery near Salisbury:

I bowl'd, I struck, I caught, I stopp'd,
Sure life's a game of cricket:
I block'd with care, but missing, Death popp'd,
Yet Death has hit my wicket.

TO BOYCOTT, ETC.—It is a curious thing, remarks *The Pall Mall Gazette*, that three of the most expressive words in the English language should have been added to it, if not by Irishmen, at least by men belonging by residence or descent to the west of Ireland. "To Burke," "to Lynch," and "to Boycott" have all taken their places, if not exactly in classical literature, at least in the vernacular of the English-speaking race all over the world. There is a little dispute as to the identity of the Mr. Burke, whose name became a synonym for murder, as to that of Capt. Boycott, but there is some doubt as to who was the original Mr. Lynch. There have been several Lynches remarkable for taking the law into their own hands. A Virginian farmer of that name who flogged a thief with his own hands has probably no claim to the honor ascribed to him by a doubtful tradition. The claims of Judge Lynch, who was sent out to suppress piracy in America in 1687-8, are more substantial; but the genuine aboriginal Lynch is said to have been Mayor of Galway at the close of the fifteenth century, and to have made his name famous by hanging his son with his own hands out of an upper window, in execution of a death-sentence passed upon him for robbery and murder.

POLISH ADVENTURERS—Arctic explorers.

CLIPPER SONGS:

"OF THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE, AND FOR THE PEOPLE."

The Day McGowan's Mule Fell in the Sewer.

A NONSENSICAL RECITATION.

On the sixteenth day of last July
John McGowan a mule he bought,
He christened it Longevity,
But he called it Long for short;
For John he was a contractor—
Twenty men they called him boss—
And he often told his wife for work
He was never at a loss,
And that is the reason why he bought a mule.

John McGowan was a lady's man,
A dasher clean and neat,
And in the legislature
Three times he took his seat;
He wrote a postal-card to Mike
Next morning him to meet,
For he had a job for him to do
Laying sewer-pipes in the street,
With the assistance of his mule.

The sun came out next morning
In its effulgence;
The mule he winked his Sunday eye,
And smiled quite pleasantly;
And then he whispered to himself,
As he kicked the traces loose,
"If McGowan drives me out to-day
I'll fire him in the sewer".
So soliloquized the mule.

John McGowan Junior
Hitched the mule unto the cart,
For his father had requested him
To make an early start.
At last the party got away,
When the mule began to kick,
And John's temper fairly
Hit the mule in the head with a brick—
Which vexed the mule.

The mule went on deliberately
Till he got forninst the lot
A-laying sewer-pipes in the street—
In John brain there was a plot,
But the plots of mules as well as men
They sometimes have a check,
For he made a kick at Mulholland's dog,
Fell in the sewer and broke his neck—
McGowan's mule was dead.

When McGowan heard of this,
He commenced to dance and mope;
He tried to kill himself at once
By chewing sulphur soap.
It drove his wife almost insane—
To die was her only wish—
She used to live on sponge-cake and pie,
She ate nothing now but fish—
Since McGowan's mule fell in the sewer.

HARRY CASTLEN.

"Chinese Sassages."

BY MILES B. MCDONNELL.

Troth, an' me name it is Michael O'Rafferty,
An' I'm a decindant o' Adam an' Eve!
There was me and me(e)r'an owld Paddy McCafferty
Wint out on a forage some vittals to thave,
An' who should we meet but two murtherin' Chinymin,
Dressed up in shirts like war dirty and black.
"Rowl up yer sleeves, Pat, me b'y, and get hint o' thim;
Capture the sassages shtrung to their back."

Chorus.

"*Q' E!*" roared the murtherin' savages.
"Be jabers! they're sayin' ther letthers!" said Pat.
"Sure, we are two sowlgers that's sharvin' for sassages,
An' here ye are shtringin' thim on to yer back!"
"Lee hung a cat!" said he whin I got howlt o' him—
I spilled him an answer, h-i-c-k, kick!
I'll not be forgettin' the yell I let out o' him;
I thought that his head would come out o' his nick!
"Out wid yer shillaleh, me boy, and we'll lather thim!
Foire away! McCafferty—pull!
Throy it ag'in, ma bouchel! together, thin!
Be jabers, they're nailed to the tap o' their skull!"
Thin they began to be scramin' in Africa—
It sounded to me loike the bray o' a mule,
"Fwy the divil," said I, "don't ye spake in America?
Or do ye take me for a haythen, ye fule?
Be gorrve, ye haythins, we're talking insinsible
In sayin' we're thirstin' fur somethin' to ate!
Sure we do belong in Ireland, the imerald o' the world,
An' we're out on a forage fur cabbage and mate!"
I lifted his hat an' tuck howlt o' the mystthery—
"O, Paddy! me b'y, the Divil may blisther me sowl
If sassage don't grow to the tap o' his pate!
Baff me! for two years now, for the matther o' that,
I'll tell thim 'the Chineese have ruined the thrade,'
An' sure as me name it is Molchael O'Rafferty,
We'll be cursin' the day that ye handled a spade!"

Chorus.

"Qu-u-ee-e!" roared the murtherin' savages.
"Be jabers! they're nailed to the tap o' their skull!"
'Twas the Divil himself, thin, that planted thim sassages
Upon the top o' a Chinaman's head."

Indianapolis, January, '81.

The French Dancing-master.

BY GEO. W. O.

I'm ze French dancing master, so happy and gay;
Ze ladies all know me zat travel Broadway.
I teach zem ze manners, I teach zem ze dance,
As I laugh at ze young, and ze old as well.
Zen zis way, zen zat way, zen pirouette so, ; *Repeat.*
Wiz ze beautiful step of ze heel and ze toe.

I shall go to ze house of ze rich millionaire
To learn ze young daughter to dance ze polkare;
I teach her ze German, ze Court minuet,
Wiz my arm round ze waist of ze pretty little pet.
Zen zis way, zen zat way, zen pirouette so,
Wiz ze beautiful step of ze heel and ze toe.

And when ze grand ball at ze Academy,
Zey always engage me to lead ze procession;
To lead in ze polkare, ze waltz and quadrille,
And call off ze programme from von leetle bill.
Zen zis way, zen zat way, zen pirouette so,
Wiz ze beautiful step of ze heel and ze toe.

Bime-by I shall marry ze millionaire daughtare,
And wiz ze big steamer cross over ze watare;
I shall buy me a chateau in ze La Belle France,
And nevaremore teach ze young ladies to dance.
Nor zis way, nor zat way, nor pirouette so,
While I live wiz my wife in ze lovely chateau.

* Elevate right, then left foot, then pirouette.

Indianapolis, January, 1881.

WRITTEN IN BLOOD:

A STORY OF KANTIAN TRANSCENDENTALISM.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY MNEMOSYNE.

"I shall not attempt to explain the matter—could not if I would—and can only give the facts, doctor. But I was never so shaken, so utterly confounded, so—to tell the truth—as the thought answered and frightened in all my life. Even now I cannot command myself," and George Newton dropped his head upon the pillow and clasped his hands over his eyes as if to shut out some horrid shape or shadow.

"You must be calm," answered Doctor Manning, laying his cool, steady fingers upon the arm of his patient, and endeavoring to impart something of his own self-possession and repose. Then he continued: "Swallow this. It is simply a nervine, and will have a good effect. I wonder at you, George. Knowing you, as I have intimately for twenty years, and always considering you a man of great courage and resolution, I am very much surprised to find you giving way to such foolish fancies."

"It was no fancy, doctor, but an actual and startling reality."

"Pshaw! You are mistaken. Such things come either from ignorance and superstition or from superheated imagination. The dead cannot walk the earth after they have been laid beneath it."

"I tell you they can! I saw with unnerved and felt with my own flesh. And it was horrible."

"If anyone was to see you now, they might well fancy you were a ghost, you are so pale and trembling," replied the physician. "In the duties of my profession I have frequently been called upon to places and at all times of night, and never yet saw a ghost or disembodied spirit. Neither do I believe you have. You must have dreamed it, George."

"But I did see both face and form and felt the touch of the fingers just as plainly as I can yours."

"Well, let me hear this wonderful tale, though I have not the slightest faith in your convincing me it was anything but a mental delusion."

"I must go back twenty-five years. Then, as you will remember, I was a student in Germany."

"And imbibed all the metaphysical, supernatural nonsense of their schools. The monomaniac-producing theories, the imbecile supernaturalism of wolves, the black huntsman, and the rest of such trash," interrupted Doctor Manning impatiently.

"No; I was in a great measure free from such things, though I must truthfully have been accused of trifling too much with Schiller, Goethe, Mozart and Beethoven."

"And Dr. Faustus!"

"Rather Gvid and his *Art of Love*," laughed George," but instantly checking himself, and his face resuming its sad, painful expression, and the momentary light in his eyes giving way to the former haunted one. "But as I was saying: It is twenty-five years since. My most intimate friend was Carl Muller. We became almost inseparable, studied, smoked, sang and strolled together. He was one of the best fellows I ever knew, although a trifle misanthropic, reticent, and having a fancy for abstract sciences and searching amid the unknown."

"And you caught the infection from him, of course."

"I certainly did investigate something of mesmerism and its kindred ——"

"Delusions. But go on.

"They made little impression upon me, and after a time I became disgusted with ghostly literature and goblin fiction, and turned my back upon them. That, however, is not the point. It is this: You are aware, at least from reading, that it was a custom there for such sworn friends as Carl Muller and myself to enter into an agreement binding the one who should first die to appear to the other, and in some not-to-be-disputed manner to make known his pleasure. We made such a compact."

"The more fools you!" exclaimed the physician.

"It was written out and signed in the orthodox manner, with blood drawn from our arms by the dagger of Carl."

"And the act was impious, and you ought to have been ashamed of yourselves," blurted out the now thoroughly disgusted doctor.

"You forget we were young and in an atmosphere as much charged with such things as clouds are with electricity during a thunder-storm. Well, the contract was written and signed at midnight. Carl making that a matter of the greatest importance. But after the first impression of solemnity had worn off I was inclined to make light of it, and told him I intended to live so long that the paper would be 'dust and ashes' years before my body was reduced to that condition."

"I would like to have gotten my hands on that miserable scrawl, and fire would have soon settled the question of ashes," snapped out the physician. "Such things come from sending boys away to foreign lands when we have plenty of good opportunities for giving them a good education at home."

"I remember the night well. Not the particular day or date, but its general characteristics. It had been dark and gloomy—the sun had set in clouds, the mountains were shrouded in storm, and as the night deepened down it increased and became fearful, and the wind roared and howled. Our customary ramble through the picturesque old, gabled town had been prevented."

"And you sat and smoked and drank yourselves into somewhat more than your usual quantity."

"We had pipes and a bottle of wine, it is true, but nothing was done to produce the condition you hint at. On the contrary, we were more than usually abstemious, for there was nothing to tempt one to overindulgence."

"Yet you had been gradually working yourselves up to that point by steeping your brains in alcoholic stimulants and stupefying them with opium. However, that is a thing of the past, and it is the present we are discussing."

"When the clock had ceased striking the hour of twelve ——"

"Yes, I know," answered the physician, quoting: "'Tis very witching time of night, when churchyards yawn and hell itself breathes out contagion to the world.' But proceed."

"The agreement had been signed and sealed with our blood. Then the question arose—What was to be done with it?"

"How very quickly I would have decided that!" again remarked Doctor Manning.

"Neither of us wished to be the custodian, and we were not willing to trust it to the keeping of others."

"For fear of being laughed at!"

"So, after a long discussion, we inclosed the document first in a glass tube, then in wood, and then in lead, and, fighting our way through the storm, buried it in the graveyard at the foot of a monument not likely to be forgotten."

"And that was the only sensible thing in the entire proceeding; though, to have finished it dramatically, you ought to have heard dismal groans and seen weird forms and heard the rattling of bones, and all that sort of thing. But what was the tenor of the blood-signed-and-cemetery-buried contract?"

"That whichever should die first should appear at the instant of his departure from earth to the other, should speak to him and clasp his hand."

"And you believed such a thing possible?"

"Whatever I might have done then, I do fully and firmly believe it now."

The wild, flashing of eyes, the face white as marble and the nerves shaking as aspen leaves warned the physician that the mind was becoming overstrained, and after administering another dose of medicine he led him away from the fearful recollection by questioning of him what had become of his fellow-student.

"Carl Muller," was answered, "was gifted, was talented beyond ordinary men. He won a high name both as a musician and as an artist, married and settled happily. This I learned from his letters, for we kept up a correspondence some ten years after we separated—he to go to his home, and I to return over the ocean to mine. He was also something of a poet. I have a song somewhere of his composition that is weirdly beautiful."

"And filled with Lebewohl, Freundschaft and Wiedersehen, of necessity. Well, after ten years you ceased to hear from him?"

"Yes, and never did again in any manner until last night."

THLETIC.

KING CHAMPIONSHIP.

the twenty-five-mile championship oe walking and five hundred dol- een Ed. C. Holske, champion, and ill of Lynn, Mass., was decided at Institute Building, this city, on y, Feb. 1. The weather was stormy ence the attendance was greatly d been expected, the spectators ably six hundred. Some of these Lynn and Boston, Mass., to see the their money on the New-Englander e their pockets lined, and so over- hey to "get on," that the betting killed before the start, long odds ng begging. The track used was hat on which the O'Leary belt ded, and, measured eighteen inches e curb, was an eighth of a mile c. If had been specially prepared nd was in good order. We have e performances of the contestants e, and it is only necessary here to have met several times in races in of New England with varying e was born at New Orleans, La., ands 5ft. 8in. in height, and weighs was born at Croydon, Eng., Nov. 5in. in height, and scales 135lb. year Driscoll has greatly improved hful care of those good judges of perienced trainers James Robinson ttrop, who in the Spring of 1880 en- ect a match for him with Holske for ip, to be walked within a few weeks. ever, would not consent to walk for several months later, which was other party, although anxious for re willing to wait. This was shortly d beaten Harry A. Armstrong in a at the Manhattan A. C. grounds, on this city, in which the best previous in America from five miles up to beaten. On Dec. 13 Holske issued Driscoll, which was promptly ac- Dec. 21 the parties met in Boston he match decided last week. The boy trained carefully for the con- k, while during Winter has not of health, took but little more than ercise. When they appeared on as evident that Driscoll was de- tter built and stronger man of although in fine condition, he at compared with his even-tem omas A. McEwen was the ref- giving them the word they were Holske at once took the lead, mak- cracker, but being closely pursued ose style was much admired. The finished by Holske in 7m. 21⅝s., parating them. For nearly three the New-Yorker continued to lead, ll sported up to the 11 mile, and the econd mile was finished with the ms. The New-Englander increased w began to go away from Ed., who ds behind at the end of the second miles having walked in 14m. up the same rate of speed, and lly, Denny continued to widen the en, and at the finish of the third ty-nine seconds to the good, which d increased to more than a minute e next mile, while five miles saw ap the best of Holske, from whom p was plainly slipping away. Dur- ing man for this distance was bet- e by Armstrong in May last. There e by the leading man, now that e great advantage, Holske stead- ndily, and kept pegging away close heels lap after lap. Neither man walked so fast in public, whatever done in private trials. Twice or e next ten miles Holske pushed a f his opponent, but the latter was alking in advance up to the second th mile, when he dropped behind, der instructions, was content to tage he had already secured, so ck close behind the New-York- were now going slower, and miles they were behind the Ameri- both were beginning to show the ast and hard work. Holske es- e was no change of position inder of the race, which did not orily as we could have wished, and leaving the track after travel- yards on the fourth side of the mile, his time for the 21 miles 3h. 8m. 4s. Driscoll continued e had finished his twenty-third referee told him he might stop. Holske at this juncture walked up ad, exhibiting a piece of brick, as- e one had thrown the missile at im on the ankle and neces- withdrawal from the race. The e attempt had been malicious- e a man who was an eighth , who was plainly overmatched, ad no possible chance to win, seemed a needless stone to that- lined to entertain it, and ren- ation in favor of Driscoll. The ed the stakes (minus expenses), rton Pollock on the morning fol- if there was any truth in the t the truth of the matter probably own with a view to injuring Dris- Holske. But whether or not any occurred, the fact that Driscoll o be the best man on the two was does not admit of dispute. The ir as fair could be, neither man re- m from first to last. Below we howing the time of both men at miles:

HOLSKE.		DRISCOLL.		HOLSKE.	
M.	S.	M.	S.	M.	S.
7	21½	13	*1 48	34	1 44
14	55	14	*1 52	16½	1 53
22	47	15	*2 01	20	2 02
30	49	16	*2 09	21	2 11½
37	42	17	*2 21	15	2 22
46	43	18	2 31	47	2 33
54	39	19	2 42	38	2 43
02	39	20	2 53	06	2 54
10	33	21	3 03	25	3 04
18	56	22	3 27	40	
25	23	23	*3 21	40	
36	02				

professional time on record in Amer- ur the winner was 36 miles, 440yds. s 1,320yds; three hours, 20 miles h distances are also the best on record W. B. Curtis and G. A. Avery.

ITY ATHLETIC CLUB.

heir annual games at the Ameri- ding, this city, on Monday even- e weather was cold, the attend- e management of the affair does se. As will follow:

t handicap run—First round, White, M. A. C. (3yds.), 1, in 9m.; C. (6), 2. Second heat: P. Mc- (6), 1; H. Alsheimer, E. C. A. C. (3), 2. Third heat: J. Ward, A. A. C. (7), 1, in 8m. 55s.; Ward, A. A. C. (6), 2, by one yard. Fourth heat: L. C. A. C. (6), 1, in 8s.; T. J. Mur- 2, by one yard. Fifth heat: L. (scratch), 1, in 7¾s.; W. Dough-). 2. Sixth heat: P. McKinnery, G. G. Neidlinger, Amer. A. C. (6), ; both allowed to run in next heat: E. English, E. C. A. C. Connell, A. A. C. (6), 2. Seventh eat: T. P. Donaldson, N. S. A. C. Lane, E. C. A. C. (4), 2, by one A. C. (6), 3. Ninth heat: J. G. (4), W. C. Tenth heat: H. Dal- (3), 1, in 9¾s.; J. J. Scully, E. C. nd round, first heat: White and heat, in 7¾s., allowed to run in d, 3. Second heat: Henry, 1, in two yards; McKinnery, 3. Third heat, 1, in 7¾s.; English, 2, by two 3. Fourth heat: Dalrymple, 1, Third round, first heat: White, ns, 2; Henry, 3. Second heat: ¾s.; Dalrymple, 2, by two feet; e, 1, in 7¾s.; Neidlinger, 2, by

ms of four men, total weight ften minutes' time-limit—First etic Club (L. B. Duryea, W. J. ge, M. J. Gilligan), 1, by 2 feet; e Club (L. Doldy, P. Dowd, W. chnic), 2. Second pull: Empire (F. F. Connelly, J. McCartney,), 1, by 3 inches; Manhattan A. C. (W. J. Warwick, J. J. Moran, P.), 2. Final pull: Empire City A. Union A. C., 2.

Dyds., 4 hurdles, 2ft. 6in. high— heat: J. B. Hanna, N. S. A. C., T. E. English, E. C. A. C. (scratch) W. Dougherty, E. C. A. C. (12), cond heat: H. Weise, W. U. A. C., eaver, E. C. A. C. (3), 2. Third t: J. Steele Jr., A. A. C. (12), 1, J. Henry, E. C. A. C. (11), 1, in S. A. A. C. (7), and D. F. O'Brien, did not finish. Sixth heat: J. J. (10), 1, in 30s.; H. Alsheimer, E. ur yards; G. Bell, E. C. A. C. (10), eventh heat: J. Reilly, E. C. A. C., Barwick, Cl. A. C. (8), 2, by five nd, first heat: Keane, 1, in 31⅘s.; W. Weise, 2. Second heat: Reilly, 2; Henry fell. Final heat: Reilly, and Hanna, dead heat for sec- 3. In running off the dead heat h hurdle, Hanna winning.

ap walk—J. C. Ritter, E. C. A. C. 7m. 58s.; E. Preyer, Acme A. C. ram. A. C. (40), 3; J. King, N. Y. aines, Past. A. C. (15), 0; W. A. (40), 4.

ns of four colored men, ten t—First pull: W. F. McCoy's (J. Stewart, V. Martin, C.), 1, by four feet; B. Sarvent's Miller, H. Watson, C. Harden- the trotter that beats Maud S.'s 2:10¾, made over this track, will get $1,000 extra; and the colt or filly that beats Trinket's 2:19¾ will get $500 extra. Some changes have been made in the conditions, as follows:

Entrance fee, 10 per cent. of purse, 2½ per cent. cash, which must accompany the entry; 2½ per cent. on Wednesday, June 1, and the remaining 5 per cent. from those who start, at 8 o'clock P. M., of the evening previous to the race, at the secretary's office. No entry will be received or considered unless the 2½ per cent. cash accompanies the same, nor will any entry be allowed to compete unless the second payment of 2½ per cent. is made or mailed on or before 11 o'clock P. M. of Wednesday, June 1; and any entry on whom the last payment of 5 per cent. is not paid at 8 o'clock P. M. of the evening previous to the race shall be considered drawn, and will not be permitted to start; but no entry shall be held or liable for any amount beyond the first payment of 2½ per cent. Entries in all purses close on Monday, May 2, at 11 o'clock P. M., and to be addressed to D. L. Hill, secretary, No. 116 Monroe street, Chicago, Ill.

H. V. Bemis proposes the following race as an additional attraction to the meeting: "I will enter the chestnut pacing gelding Sorrel Dan in a race against Maud S. and St. Julien, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, for a stake of $2,500 a side, $1,250 forfeit, the First National Bank of Chicago to be stakeholder, and the forfeit money and final stake to be deposited with it, subject to the order of the winner. The race to be made to go over the track of the Chicago Driving Park during its Summer trotting meeting, July 19 to 23. The Driving Park has agreed to add $7,500, with an additional $2,500 to the winner of the fastest heat, if trotted or paced in 2:10¾ or better. The winner to take all the stakes and added money; or if more desirable to the owners of the horses, 75 per cent. to first, and 25 per cent. to second. This proposition to remain open until April 1."

CURLING.

CURLING IN NOVA SCOTIA.

A match for the Royal Caledonia Curling Club medal took place at Halifax, N. S., on Thursday, Jan. 27, four rinks of the Caledonia Club of Pictou being pitted against a like number of rinks from the Halifax Club. The Pictonians won by the annexed score, play lasting all day:

PICTOU.	Rink No. 1.	HALIFAX.
Ross,	Smith,	
Dawson,	Karpe,	
McDonald,	Blair,	
Hochin, skip	15	Peters, skip 22
	Rink No. 2.	
Grant,	Hedley,	
Tanner,	Wier,	
Oliver,	Tupper,	
Fraser, skip	22	Johnston, skip 18
	Rink No. 3.	
Dawson,	Howe,	
Dewar,	Carter,	
Ives,	Oxley,	
Forston, skip	21	Kerr, skip 12
	Rink No. 4.	
Sutherland,	Symonds,	
Lyall,	Weston,	
Fraser,	Sutliffe,	
McDonald, skip	24	Muirhead, skip 25
Total	82	Total 77

YONKERS vs. CALEDONIAN.

A three-rink match was played at Central Park, this city, Jan. 31, by representatives of the Yonkers (N. Y.) Club and the Caledonians of the metropolis. They had good ice and the play was interesting, the Yonkers Scots winning by the following score:

YONKERS.	Rink No. 1.	CALEDONIAN.
C. A. Richardson,		J. L. McEwen,
J. S. White,		J. Fisher,
R. Kellock,		D. Foulis,
W. Kellock, skip	26	J. Templeton, skip 20
	Rink No. 2.	
F. Wheeler,		J. R. Gillie,
J. Peene,		J. Birkett,
H. L. Garrison,		D. Muir,
J. L. Stewart, skip	20	W. Carmichael, skip 19
	Rink No. 3.	
J. P. Stewart,		E. Winterbottom,
W. Lewis,		T. Drummond,
J. Frazier,		A. Walker,
G. Frazier, skip	34	D. Johnston, skip 15
Total	80	Total 54

JERSEY CITY vs. THISTLE.

On Wednesday, Feb. 2, a four-rink match was played by these clubs at Jersey City, N. J. The New-Yorkers were beaten by the following score:

JERSEY CITY.	Rink No. 1.	THISTLE.
John White,		William Mitchell,
John T. Edwards,		Harry Mitchell,
William D. Edwards,		Robert Mitchell,
Wm. W. Edwards, skip	20	James Mitchell, skip 20
	Rink No. 2.	
James McKnight,		G. Williams,
William Stevens,		Alex. Campbell,
James C. Clarke,		R. Simpson,
M. Simmons, skip	23	John Watt, skip 18
	Rink No. 3.	
D. Williams,		J. Hughes,
C. Conyer,		J. Dunn,
J. C. Bailey,		Charles McKenzie,
James Stevens, skip	21	R. McCormack, skip 9
	Rink No. 4.	
H. B. McKnight,		A. Frazer,
R. A. McKnight,		D. Ogg,
A. McKnight,		William Brander,
J. Love, skip	21	George Bain, skip 18
Total	85	Total 65

EMPIRE CITY vs. MANHATTAN.

These metropolitan clubs engaged in a three-rink match at Central Park Feb. 3, when some fine playing was witnessed, resulting as follows:

EMPIRE CITY.	Rink No. 1.	MANHATTAN.
A. Anderson,		A. McCole,
A. Manwell,		P. B. Shields,
J. Smiley,		J. Mayne,
J. F. Conley, skip	25	H. Duncan, skip 11
	Rink No. 2.	
J. Russell Jr.,		J. Kenyon,
J. Connel,		J. Richardson,
J. Heaney,		D. Meek,
W. Symmers, skip	16	A. McQuhae, skip 16
	Rink No. 3.	
J. Phalon,		J. Gault,
J. Suffern,		J. Bruce,
R. Shaw,		A. McIntyne,
W. Crawford,		G. T. Addison,
R. Russell, skip	18	J. Falconer, skip 21
Total	59	Total 48

YONKERS vs. ST. ANDREWS.

These clubs, the former of Yonkers, N. Y., and the latter of this city, were opponents in a game at Central Park Feb. 4, the visiting players winning by one point only. Score:

YONKERS.	Rink No. 1.	ST. ANDREWS.
J. Peene,		R. McLintock,
R. Kellock,		A. M Stewart,
J. Stewart,		A. Stewart,
W. Kellock, skip	18	G. Henderson, skip 28
	Rink No. 2.	
J. S. White,		W. Buchanan,
H. L. Garrison,		H. Henderson,
J. Frazier,		J. Henderson,
G. Frazier, skip	24	S. McConchie, skip 13
Total	42	Total 41

IVANHOE vs. EMPIRE CITY.

A match for a national district medal was played at Paterson, N. J., Feb. 2, between the Ivanhoes of that place and the Empire Citys of New York. The local team won by the following score:

IVANHOE.	Rink No. 1.	EMPIRE CITY.
G. Atterbury,		J. Russell Jr.,
J. F. Boice,		J. Smillie,
J. Marshall,		Thos. Pollock,
Mills Thompson, skip	16	R. Russell, skip 21
	Rink No. 2.	
J. Morehead,		J. Suffern,
A. Collyer,		J. Connel,
H. L. Butler,		R. Shaw,
J. Dunlop, skip	26	W. Symmers, skip 13
Total	42	Total 34

ST. ANDREWS vs. CALEDONIAN.

These clubs played a match at Central Park, this city, Feb. 2, resulting as follows:

ST. ANDREWS.	Rink No. 1.	CALEDONIAN.
H. Nelson,		J. Fisher,
H. Henderson,		J. W. Thompson,
W. Ferguson,		D. Foulis,
S. McConchie, skip	23	John Templeton, skip 19
	Rink No. 2.	
R. McLintock,		J. R. Gillie,
A. M. Stewart,		W. Carmichael,
J. Henderson,		D. Johnson,
J. Kellock, skip	19	A. Walker, skip 15
Total	42	Total 34

LANARK vs. CAITHNESS.

A game was contested at Central Park, this city, Feb. 3, the participants of which were representatives respectively of the counties of Lanark and Caithness, Scotland. The former won by the score below:

LANARK.	CAITHNESS.
W. Mitchell,	David Og,
H. Mitchell,	R. Simpson,
R. Mitchell,	John Cunn,
J. Mitchell, skip	21 George Bain, skip 17

THE CLUB POINT MEDAL was played for by members of the Caledonian Curling Club of this city Feb. 4, Gillie winning with a score of nine points.

THE TUBERIA CLUB were victorious over the St. Andrews Club in a four-rink match at St. John, N. B., Feb. 2. The score was 69 to 67.

SKATING.

THE ENGLISH SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP.

The National Skating Association of Great Britain held their second championship meeting at Crowland on the Washes, Eng., Jan. 15. The course was one mile and a half, with three turns, the ice was good and the wind light. Two men raced in each heat, and the results of the different trials is thus briefly described: Old Turkey smart kept close upon T. Watkinson for half the journey, when the latter went away, and won by 90yds. in 5m. 46 2-5s. J. Bone led G. Nicholls throughout, and won by 100yds. in 5m. 47 1-5s. After the two ties were run, N. Brown got the best of the start; but H. Carter soon forged ahead, and won by 50yds. in 5m. 47 3-5s. J. Neverson soon settled H. Pickering, and got home 70yds. in front in 5m. 53 2-5s. "Fish" Smart allowed J. Hawes a lead for some little distance, after which he came gliding home, winning easily in 5m. 34 4-5s. Alfred Hawes skated his bye, and then A. Dewsberry, after waiting for a little while, came away from N. Hawes, and won by 40yds. in 5m. 59s. R. Taylor took the lead on starting, but W. Collinson was soon in front, and won by 36yds. in 5m. 58s. Young See simply ran away from the younger Nicholl, and landed home in 5m. 1 4-5s. W. Harrison likewise served F. Pickering, and got home in 5m. 1-5s. Smith kept with W. Pickering for three-quarters of a mile, when he stopped. In the second round Watkinson made small work of Bailey, and the latter did not finish. Jarman Smart led Bone easily, but the latter's skate came off. Carter beat Neverson easily in 5m. 43 2-5s. Fish gradually drew out from Hawes, and won by 30yds. in 5m. 40 3-5s. Dewsberry slightly led, but won ultimately from Collinson by 70yds. in 5m. 53s. Harrison beat See by 2½ds., after a very good race, in 5m. 43 1-5s. Pickering a bye. In the third round Jarman Smart just landed by a yard from T. Watkinson in 5m. 51 4-5s. "Fish" simply played with Carter, and made the fastest time, 5m. 23 4-5s. Dewsberry easily beat Pickering, 4m. 9 4-5s. Harrison a bye. In the fourth round "Fish" defeated his brother anyhow in 5m. Dewsberry beat Harrison by a yard in 5m. 3-5s. In the final heat "Fish" kept with Carter for a mile, and then came away and won easily by 70yds. in 5m. 58 2-5s.

MILE RACE.

After winning, with hands down, a straight-away mile race, defeating J. Plumb, H. Carter and A. Hawes in the trial heats and W. Collinson in the final, at Cowbit Wash, near Spaldings, in South Lincolnshire, Eng., Jan. 20, "Fish" Smart skated over the course against time, a five-pound note being offered if he accomplished it in 2m. 40s., and a silver medal if the time was not that good, but as good as 2m. 50s. He was averse to making the attempt in consequence of the roughness of the ice, but finally decided to go ahead. There was very little wind, what there was being with the skater, who took a flying start of about fifty yards. The course being clear, Smart got off, and when he passed the starting-post was in full swing. However, he had not gone far when, owing to the cracks and roughness of the ice, he was forced to slacken for about 200yds.; after this he once more settled down to his usual stride. On getting within a quarter of a mile from home Smart once more had to go over some rough ice, after which he put in one extra work and finished by the winning-post in 3min. This is faster time than was ever before publicly made in England, and there is little if any room for doubt that, with fine ice, Smart can, from a standing-start, do a faster performance than that above recorded.

AN OPEN MILE RACE took place on a quarter-mile course at Ely, Eng., Jan. 19, and, as usual when he is entered, "Fish" Smart proved an easy winner. The ice was good, but the wind blew strongly right down from the starting-point, hindering the contestants on the return journey more than it helped them going out. Smart won as he pleased from G. See in 4m. 18 3-5s. In previous heats he had beaten E. Wells by more than one hundred yards in 5m. 43 2-5s., and his brother Jarman by twenty-five yards in 5m. 39 3-5s.

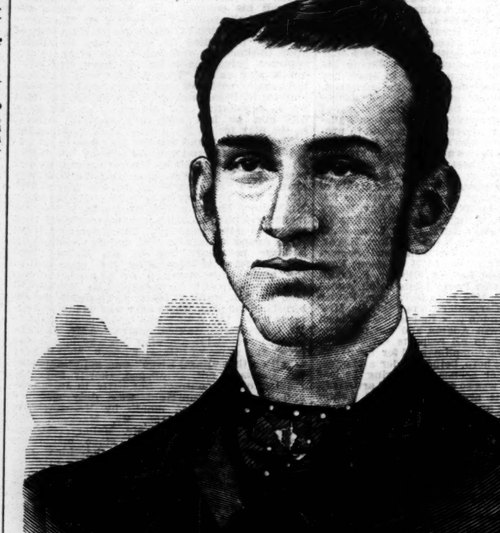
SOME of the best Fen skaters competed in a mile-and-a-half race, three turns, for the Cambridgeshire Stakes, at Lingay Fen, Grantchester, near Cambridge, Eng., Jan. 17. The final heat was won by the Champion, "Fish" Smart, defeating W. Harrison, who in his trials had twice taken the number of their first inning, 94 runs, and consequently it ended in a tie.

THE AMATEUR SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP of England, one mile and a half, three turns, was decided at Lingay Fen, Grantchester, near Cambridge, Jan. 17. The final heat resulted as follows: F. Norman, 1, in 6m. 8 1-5s.; J. Webber, 2, by 25 yards. Norman thus won the gold medal and retains the championship. In one of his trial heats Norman's time was 5m. 44 1-5s.

CRICKET.

SCRAPS OF BYGONE CRICKET.

In the olden times what is now called a wicket consisted of two stumps, apparently about two feet wide and one foot high, with a stick stretching across and resting on the stumps. The bat had a long handle, and the extremity of the pad was curved in the form of a volute. Between the stumps was a hole which, according to a few memoranda furnished by the late Mr. Ward, was deep enough to contain the whole blade of the cricket-bat. This hole served the purpose of a popping crease.....About forty years ago Mr. Felix suggested the application of the Roman catapult to the purposes of propelling the cricket ball, and a few years later underarm bowling was introduced. The great object of the instrument was the facility it afforded for practice, and on this account it has received a liberal share of patronage.....On Sept. 5, 1826, in a match between the Sonning and Upper Uxbridge, H. Brandt bowled eight of the Uxbridge wickets in twelve balls without a single run being got. A similar remarkable bowling feature characterized a match played between Smeeh and Wilsborough on the 18th of June, 1827. Bloomfield, a young Oxonian, bowled seven wickets in eight overs without a run.....A very extraordinary performance took place in October, 1801, between two female elevens selected from Surrey and Hampshire, for an announced stake of 500 guineas. The players were of all ages—from fourteen to sixty—the young had shawls and the old long cloaks. Very good play took place on the return of the nine Hampshire lasses making 40 runs before she was retired. The match lasted three days, and was finally won by Hampshire. An engraving of this game may be seen in the print-room of the British Muscum. Several other contests have been between eleven married and single women.....W. E. Collins, an English cricketer, scored 338 runs in a little over three hours on Aug. 27, 1874, and was not out. His gigantic score comprised one 9, two 7's, six 6's, twelve 5's and twenty-five 4's, all run out. The ground was in splendid condition for scoring, but we imagine the runs have never been made on any ground in anything like the time. Mr. Collins scored



T. A. McEWEN, Amateur Walker,

is a native of Rhode Island, having been born at Newport Nov. 7, 1854. He is a quarter of an inch over six feet in height, and weighs about 137lb. His first public appearance in the role of an athlete took place Sept. 4, 1873, when, on the occasion of the annual games of the New York Caledonian Club at Jones' Wood, this city, he took part in the one-mile walk, in which he was unplaced but showed up well for a beginner. The race was won by W. Forsyth. We next heard of him a year later, at the games of the same organization, then held Sept. 3 at Lion Park, on Eighth avenue. On that occasion he showed signs of improvement, and finished second to J. A. Henderson in the mile-walk. On Nov. 26, same year, an offshoot from the N. Y. C. C., composed of the younger members, held a series of sports at Jones' Wood, and here McEwen was victorious in the three-mile walk, being timed inside of seven minutes. T. B. Bates (55sec. start) won in 7m. 37s.; C. M. Shaw (55sec.) second. On the Fourth of July, same year, the Scottish-American A. C. held their annual games at Washington Park. McEwen won the mile-walk in 8m. 55s.; J. V. Woolcott second, R. Berger third; and he was also successful in the five-mile walk, in which T. H. Armstrong was second and C. Connor third. Time, 38m. 43½s., McEwen coming in 1½ minutes before Armstrong. July 29, at the handicap games of the same club, on their grounds in Fifty-fourth street, he was on scratch in a mile walk, and finished fourth, T. Buckley (60sec. start), J. V. Woolcott (35) and J. J. McLeod (50) leading him past the post. He and other former members of the S. A. A. C. were instrumental in organizing the Manhattan A. C., and at the open handicap games held by them June 22, 1878, on their grounds, on Eighth avenue, he walked an exhibition of one-half mile, covering the distance in 3m. 26⅘s. The first annual Spring games of the same club were held June 29, when he won the two-mile walk in 16m. 16⅗s., J. V. Woolcott being second. July 4 following came the three-mile walking at the N. Y. C. grounds, John H. Davidson second. July 6 he walked a three-mile exhibition at the games of the Short Hills A. C., Milburn, N. J., covering the distance in 23m. 16⅘s. Aug. 12, at handicap games of the Manhattan A. C., he was one of that club's team which was beaten by the crack team of the S. A. A. C. in a tug-of-war. May 30, 1879, at the Spring games of the New York A. C., he was victorious in the mile walk, defeating S. N. Hoag, J. B. Clark, Thos. Hicks and others in 7m. 21 1-5s. He also won the three-mile walk in 24m. 9 2-5s. June 7 he won the two-mile walk at the Spring meeting of the Manhattan A. C., beating J. H. Gifford, W. H. Purdy and others, in 14m. 43s. Sept. 27 he was defeated at the championship meeting on the N. Y. A. C. grounds, coming in second to E. E. Merrill in the seven-mile walk. McEwen's last appearance was at the Thanksgiving-day games of the Manhattan A. C., this year, when he and E. E. Myers he won the three-legged race. As a walker he is as scrupulously fair as he is fast, while personally he is very popular.

THE RING.

RING FIGHT IN ENGLAND.

There having been a good deal of bickering between the partisans of Harry Forster of Rotherhithe and George Schultz of Kennington, London, Eng., to settle the dispute it was decided that they should meet off-hand, and try conclusions with the "raw un's" for a small stake. No time was lost in the preliminaries, and at an early hour on Monday morning, Jan. 17, about twenty-five persons wended their way to a secluded spot, not a dozen miles from Whitechapel Church, to witness the mill. The countryman Schultz is twenty-eight years of age, stands 5ft. 7½in., and weighed 148lb. whilst Forster is two years older, 1½in. higher, and 6lb heavier. At a quarter-past eight, everything being in readiness, the referee called "Time," and the men stood up for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. They were soon together, Schultz leading off on the nose and crossing his man heavily on the jaw. This led to some heavy exchanges and a few pairs later Forster went down at the call of time. The great object of the instrument was the facility it afforded for practice, and on this account it has received a liberal share of patronage.....On Sept. 5, 1826, in a match between the Sonning and Upper Uxbridge, H. Brandt bowled eight of the Uxbridge wickets in twelve balls without a single run being got. A similar remarkable bowling feature characterized a match played between Smeeh and Wilsborough on the 18th of June, 1827. Bloomfield, a young Oxonian, bowled seven wickets in eight overs without a run.....A very extraordinary performance took place in October, 1801, between two female elevens selected from Surrey and Hampshire, for an announced stake of 500 guineas. The players were of all ages—from fourteen to sixty—the young had shawls and the old long cloaks. Very good play took place on the return of the nine Hampshire lasses making 40 runs before she was retired. The match lasted three days, and was finally won by Hampshire. An engraving of this game may be seen in the print-room of the British Muscum. Several other contests have been between eleven married and single women.....W. E. Collins, an English cricketer, scored 338 runs in a little over three hours on Aug. 27, 1874, and was not out. His gigantic score comprised one 9, two 7's, six 6's, twelve 5's and twenty-five 4's, all run out. The ground was in splendid condition for scoring, but we imagine the runs have never been made on any ground in anything like the time. Mr. Collins scored of the most extraordinary on record. The first inning of each club amounted to 188, and in their second they both scored precisely half the number of their first inning, 94 runs, and consequently it ended in a tie.

THE GAME IS UP.

Round 2. Forster led off with a tremendous punch on the lip, which seemed to completely demoralize Schultz. The latter, however, rallied, and slung his right round heavily on his opponent's swollen left cheek, and after a smart rally Forster threw his man and fell upon him heavily.

Round 3. Schultz, although weaker, forced the fighting, but for his pains received several heavy clumps in the frontispiece, and slipped down to avoid a good left-hander.

Round 4. From the commencement of this round to the finish the men were somewhat weak and gave punch for punch, the rounds being brought frequently and shortly to a close by one or the other falling. In the fourteenth round 6 to 4 was offered on Schultz, just to wake him up a bit; but when they got together in the sixteenth round, after a few hits, Forster got the best of the wrestling, and threw his opponent heavily on his head, and Schultz, striking out wildly with his right hand, until Schultz threw his man and fell on him. 2 to 1 offered on Schultz.

Round 5. The Kennington man led off, but was short, and received in return a hot 'un in the mouth with the left, causing the claret to flow. They then got together, and punch for punch was the order of the day; but Schultz had decidedly the best of the exchanges, and in the throw fell heavily on Forster. Schultz again landed on the probosicis, from which the claret flowed, but was beautifully counteracted on the same organ. Again, however, did Schultz find his way to the beak, and in his next attempt let go the right on the cheek heavily and floored his man.

4. The last hit caused a lump to rise. Both were slow to time, but when they got together they pummeled away at one another like workmen, and eventually fell side by side.

Round 6. Forster led off with a tremendous punch on the lip, which seemed to completely demoralize Schultz. The latter, however, rallied, and slung his right round heavily on his opponent's swollen left cheek, and after a smart rally Forster threw his man and fell upon him heavily.

6. Schultz, although weaker, forced the fighting, but for his pains received several heavy clumps in the frontispiece, and slipped down to avoid a good left-hander.

7. From the commencement of this round to the finish the men were somewhat weak and gave punch for punch, the rounds being brought frequently and shortly to a close by one or the other falling. In the fourteenth round 6 to 4 was offered on Schultz, just to wake him up a bit; but when they got together in the sixteenth round, after a few hits, Forster got the best of the wrestling, and threw his opponent heavily on his head, and Schultz, striking out wildly with his right hand, until Schultz threw his man and fell on him. 2 to 1 offered on Schultz.

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to draw music from Irish pipes. On the night of Feb. 3 Clark was presented on the stage with a handsome diamond pin, the gift of a gentleman friend, who was represented in the presentation by Tony Pastor.

BASEBALL.

PROFESSIONALISM IN NEW YORK.

The marked success of the experiment in professional play in the metropolis which was tried last season at the Polo Grounds very plainly points out the fact that the time is propitious for a revival of professional play in this city. In fact, we may more prosperly say for the introduction of professional play in New York City, for the advent of the Metropolitan Club team in September, 1880, in New York, was really the first time we ever had a professional team play on an inclosed ground in this city. Previous to that event Brooklyn, with her Union and Capitoline Grounds, had almost monopolised professional play. It is true that New York had its Mutual Club, but most of its games were played in Brooklyn. The old Union Club of Morrisania could not well be called a New York club, its grounds being at Tremont. But now that the professional Capitoline Ground has been destroyed, and the old Union soon will be, the Polo Ground looms up as the coming professional baseball field of the metropolis, and the only one, by the way, likely to be at command. This field would have been the home of a League team this coming season but for the fact that the ground could not be entirely controlled by such a club, as the Polo Association needed the field two days a week for its own matches. But the time may come when the requirements of the grounds, as a mere money-investment, will cause it to be given up entirely to baseball and cricket, and such kindred games as lacrosse and football, to the driving out of the polo-playing; not because that game is not a desirable one, but that the trampling of the horses on its turf in polo prevents it being placed in proper condition for baseball. As regards professional baseball-playing on the Polo Ground the coming season, there is nothing now to prevent our having a very strong representative team on the field for 1881. Despite the two days assigned for polo-playing, there will be a sufficient number of days left (four days each week have been engaged by the Metropolitan Club) to give us a very lively series of matches, if the League clubs, in arranging their tours this way will make a note of the fact that New York is now a city to visit. The field is easy to reach, being located midway between the stations of the Sixth and Third avenue elevated roads. As far, therefore, as the convenience of the ground for patronage is concerned nothing could be better. All that is wanted to insure the success of a professional club at the Polo Grounds is that it should not only be a strong and representative nine in its make-up, but especially that it should be one to be relied upon for honest work. Unfortunately, the early history of professionalism in the metropolis is darkened with the records of crooked work. This was in the days of pool-selling. Though it is indulged in *sub rosa* to such open business of the kind as that which demoralized the old Mutual nine can now prevail. For the past three or four years we have had a sort of interregnum in professional ball-playing in the metropolis, and one result has been to clear the city atmosphere of the old air of crookedness. The patrons of baseball are hungry for the resumption of professional contests here, and will support the game liberally. Though it is not now possible for us to have a League nine for New York this season, it is possible for us to have a professional team that will be one able to cope successfully with the strongest of the League nines of 1881. The Metropolitan team is not yet organized, for the coming season, nor will it be until March. But by the opening of play in April New York patrons should see in the field a nine taking the field at the Polo Grounds, and among the opening games of the season will be those played by the Metropolitans with the college teams of Yale and Princeton. Yale and Princeton as a great rivalry between these college nines, and both are preparing for the season with great vigor. Ward of Providence is coaching the Princetons, and the Yales are similarly getting into training. Both will doubtless present nines with the Metropolitan nine to test each other's strength against the same professional team, and the result may be a very interesting series of contests. Then, too, the Philadelphia Athletics are to be re-organized by Palmer expressly to meet the new Metropolitan team, and these series of games will begin in April. Besides which, the Providence, Worcester and Troy teams will take trips to this city in April to get practice with the Metropolitans prior to the opening of the League season. The outlook for some fine contests on the Polo Grounds next April is very promising and after that the season will work its own way into a busy series of contests with League clubs.

THE GAME IN ARIZONA.

The Phœnix Club visited Fort McDowell on Jan. 17, when the return-game was played with the Norvell Club of that locality. The visitors had won the game played on their own grounds Christmas-day, and the second game was played after an exciting contest, in which each club alternately led. The Phœnixs wanted three runs in order to tie their opponents' score in the ninth inning, and singles by Goldberg and F. Widmer and a two-bagger by Kinney gave them two runs; but the side was retired with two men left on the bases. The pitching and catching on both sides deserve special mention. Score:

PHŒNIX.	O.	R.	NORVELL.	O.	R.
Hellmich, p	5	1	Vieters, s. s	2	1
Kirkland, 3d b	2	0	Brill, c	2	3
Peppi, c. f	3	0	Peppi, p	3	3
Campbell, 2d b	4	0	Stevens, 3d b	3	2
Lount, c. f	3	2	Carroll, r. f	3	1
McNulty, 1. f	3	1	Donovan, 1st b	3	0
White r. f	3	0	Green, 2d b	4	1
Goldberg, 1st b	4	1	Fitzgerald, l. f	3	3
F. Widmer, s. s	3	2	Hart, 1st b	2	3
Totals	27	16	Totals	27	17

Norvell	0	2	0	0	1	4	0	0	7—17
Phœnix	1	2	0	4	3	4	0	0	2—16

Umpire, J. W. Leonard. Time, 2h. 15m.

On Jan. 18 the Phœnixs defeated the Chaffee Club by the following score:

PHŒNIX.	O.	R.	CHAFFEE.	O.	R.
Hellmich, p	4	4	Woodall, p	3	2
Kirkland, 3d b	2	0	Rose, c	4	2
W. Widmer, c	3	1	Quigley, r. f	4	1
Campbell, 2d b	2	0	Paris, l. f	4	0
Lount, c. f	3	1	Bennett, c. f	4

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal-laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canada, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M. MONDAY, Feb. 7.

LADIES' LIST.

Arnott, May (o)
Foster's Co.)
Adams, Lucille
Bryden, Josie
Bradley, Leanora
Bray, Mrs. Linton
Brascombe, Maude
Blits, Mrs. Rosa
Bateman, Alice (2)
Beaumont, Lottie
Barnes, Maude(2)
Cook, Delia
Clantop Sisters
Cardigan, Cora
Cummings, Minnie
Collins, Kate
Cramer, Mrs. Joe
Demarr, Mollie
Demarr, Annie
Davenport, Carrie
Dillon, Susie
Demike, Mattie
DeLange, Lillie
Davenp Hadamik
Ellis, Lillie
Florence, Maude
Foy, Annie
Ferguson, Mrs. Barney
Foster, Maggie
Farren, Mrs. T. J
Graham, Lillie
Goss, Mrs. J.
Graham, Tillie &c.
Gray's, Manager
Ada
Hunt, Julia
Hasson, Jodie
Hays, Annie
Hindle, Annie (2)
Howard, Minnie
Hadrill, Mrs. Rose
Howard, Carrie
Jackson, Lillie
Lee, Minnie
Lyle, Rose
Legrue, Marie
Lee, Nettie
Norton, Nellie
Nelson, Miss E.
Marshall, Cora
McGill, Mrs. Sadie
Melnotte, Georgie
Mason, Tillie
Marcellus, Lizzie
Marcellus, Mrs.
Mendel, Nonna
McDermott, Kittie
Noon, Elizabeth
Newton, Stella
Orden, Marie
Paullin, Louisa
Pillfaro, Mad,
Georgina
Rose, Emma
Randall, Louise
Rose, La-lu
Robinson, Cassie
Reifforth, Jennie
Rand-Ella, Julia
Smith, Allie
Stanley, Arline (6)
Sidons, Mrs.
Scott-
Stoke-man, Emma
Stevens, Mrs. H. P.
Sinclair, Mrs.
Harry 16c.
Sheldie, Mrs. F.
Turner, Mrs. Lon
Tobias, Madam
Vampler, Ella
West, Eva
Woods, Annie
Wakefurff, Mrs.
Georgie
Yeamans, Mrs.
Zoel, Marie

GENTLEMENS' LIST.

Adams, G. H. 3c.
Ames, Emile
Arnold, Max
Aymar, W. Fred
Aubrey, Robt.
Arnold, Max
Austin, Al
Austin, Vac
Allyne, Prof. E. T.
Burdett, Major
Brassier, G. R. 3c.
Bridges, F. W.
Burt, Sherb, J. E.
Boothby, Dave
Barrett, Lawrence
Brown, J. Frank
Bartine, Chas. 9c.
Bell, J. (of London Circus)
Brown, A. (agent)
Bell, Frank
Billman, Bob
Bilts, F. R.
Bishop, W. H.
Barbour, Geo. A.
Burnett, All.
Bush, I. T.
Brennan, J. A.
Burbank, Otto (2)
Barker, All.
Boyd, ——(of Boyda Haley)
Bobee, James
Bingham, Jas.
Blondell, L. D.
Bryant, W. T.
Byron, O. Doug (2)
Burgess, Neil
Bates, Tom
Bowers, Jno.
Benedict, Lew
Collom, Andy
Carlton, Frank
Cody, Hon. W. F.
Cole, Lew
Cummings, Billy
Colebrooe, E. R.
Coyle, Mike
Conners, Dan
Cardello, C. W.
Coes, Geo. H.
Cogill Bros.
Charles, J. M.
Curtis' Spanish Students
Cremens, Wm. J. (2)
Chapman, F. M.
Cooper & Bailey
Callender, H. W.
Cooney, Sr. P.
Chenell, Joe
Camp, Jas. B.
Cooper, F. A.
Corbyn, Sheridan
Campbell, Bartley
Caussand, Harry
Cappels, Mr.
Cooper, Chas. M.
Chanfran, Frank
Cook, Geo.
Constantine, Chas.
Crandell, Harry
Carroll, John(2)
Davis, W. E.
Dahl, Dan W.
Dalton, Jas.
Diamond, Matt
Denier, Tony
Dresse, Paul
Diamond, Chas. (2)
Demer, Tony
Devlin, J. A.
Dixon, Henry (2)
Dupree & West (2)
Dacello, Dan
Denier, Jules
Davenport, Geo.
Davis, C. L. (2)
Darrin, Geo.
Dickens, John W.
DeVere & Williams
Davis, Thos.
Dessauer, Sam
Dawson, W.
Donahue, James
Daly, Tom
Douglas, James
Emidy, J.
Emerson, Harry
Eades, Harry
Emmet, Joe
Elder, Matt
Ellis, Jean
Eugene, —— (late Uns & Eug.)
Easton, Wm. The Emeralds
Four Emeralds, The
Foster, C. E.
Eldridge, C. E.
Frost, Geo.
Farnum, Max
Fields, Jim
Fox, J. E.
Fitz, J. (musician)
Frayne, Frank (2)
Ford, Thos.
Forcepaugh, John
Fleury, Fernando
Foster & Hughes
Fohman, Gust.
Fenton, Jas.
Foot, Thos. B.
Fierce, Louis
Frost, Hyatt
Fenerya, Don
Foreman, C. Ed.
Fenton, Jeff F.
Fagen, Barney
Ferris, Harry
Ford, Thos.
Gale, Walter
Gilmore & Mineo
Grindl, Louis
Gorten, J. (of N O Min.)
Gibbs, Hilark
Gibson, Frank
Goulding, John
George, Frank
Granden, E. E.
Goodyear, C. W.
Girvans, Big
Brown, A. (agent)
Gaines, Pem
Graham, H. E.
Gill, W. B.
Goisen, Rich'd
Gray & Harney
Hogan, Harry
Hufford, H.
Hunley, W. A. (3)
Hepp, J. W.
Harrison, Jas.
Hand, Harry
Heywood, Wm. (3)
Hawley, D. R. (2)
Hagan, Jas.
Harrington, Al
Harris, Pat
Holbrook, A. M. (2)
Hall, All.
Hanley, M. W.
Harrold, J. F.
Herbert, Ed. (2)
Henry, Hi
Herrmann, ——(magician)
Howorth, John
Hughes & Archie
Harris & Wood
Hickey, Dr. L. J.
Hammond, John (2)
Hopkins, D. B. (2)
Heyer, Chas.
Hamlin, Paul
Hall, J. C.
Hertz, Carl
Hicks, C. B.
Harley, J.
Herman, Geo. W.
Idaletta & Wallace
Ivarrazabal (2)
Johnson, E. R.
Jennor, John
Jones & Leonard
Jasper, Thos.
Kelly & Haley
Kennedy, Jas. E.
Kersands, Billy 5c.
Kelly & Ryan
Kennedy, Harry
Leonzo Bros.
Lewis, Frank
Lawrence, W.
Lawlor, Frank
Lorraine, Fred
Lyndall, H.
Lahsie, Albert (2)
Lamkin, Harry (6)
Ludlow, E. B.
Leavitt, J. M. (2)
Lavelly, C.
Lavan, F. S.
Loyal, Geo.
Lehman, A.
Lennox, Geo. H.
Lowenthal, Max
Lavaky, Will
Lane, J.
Lucy, Chapin
Lindsey, A.
Lore, Val
Lillianna Morton
Ward, John F.
Wilson, Jos. (2)
Whalling, Hallsay (2)
Waldron, Rich (3)
Winnett, Geo. W.
Wadsworth, Frank
Woodson, Harry
Welch, Chas. H.
Williams, W. M.
Ward, Wm. H.
Werner's Co.
Wilmore & Clark 16c.
Worcland, Ed. 9c.
Wood, Geo. W. 9c.
Weaver, Add
Williams, C. J.
Wall, Geo. W.
West, Wm. (pantomime)
Williams, John
Wilkinsons, The
Wade, F. D.
Warren, C. J. F.
Waddy, T. M.
Webster, Eddie (2)
Young, M. F.
Mendel, Harry
Morse, H. M.
McDowell, All.
McGloin, Dan'l (2)
Manning & Drew
Markham & Geo.
McKean, W. S.
Murray & Murphy
Meirvild, Chas.
McElroy, Jos. E.
Marion, Frank
Myers, James
Novelty Four, The
Noyes, A. C. (2)
Needham & Kelly
Orndorff, H. F.
Ottiger, L. B.
Oxley, Karoly (2)
Ott, Fred
Orrin, G. F.
Paine, Jno. A.
Pease, Harry
Peyser, Dave
Peral, Theo.
Prentiss, H.
Pilling, F. J
Parks, F. J.
Pulsifer, C. G.
Page, L. F.
Paley, W.
Pendy, John
Purdy, Geo.
Queen, Burt
Rhinlan, J.
Rinaldy, Edward
Rogers & Vickers
Reed, J. (of Ripley & Reed)
Ross, Charlie
Rickenbg, Geo. (2)
Razzilla, Geo.
Roche, David
Rooney, J. H.
Rooney, F.
Retlaw & Alton
Ranzilla, Jno. (3)
Rice, Clarance
Richmond, H. G.
Rankin, Wm.
Rankin Bros.
Richards, Geo. (2)
Ronaldo, G. de 9c.
Rinaldos, The
Ryan, Thos. (agent)
Ronald, Harry
Reid, James
Stevens, C. E.
Simmons, Sew
Smith, E. F.
Sullivan, O. S.
Simpson, All. C.
Sullivan & Smith
Sprague, A. W.
Sells Bros.
Stevens, A. C.
Sargent, H. H.
Schnell, Steve
Stafford, B. F.
Smith, W. L.
Stowe, W. H. (2)
Sands, Eddie
Stevens, E. F.
Shaw, Alfred
Sellon, John
Somerby, Rufus
Smith & Leopold
Schiff, Dave
Schofield, Mr.
Spencer, C. M.
Swain, Sam
Sexton, Mich'l
Sunlin & Dearin
Skelding, Geo.
Todd, Al. C.
Tissot, Jules (2)
Thompson, Den (2)
Turnour, Jno.
Tiernan, J. C. (2)
Thompson, Jas.
Tulbeck, J.
Thatcher, (of That & Wagner)
Tannehill, Jr., F.
Turner, John
Tampere, The
Valleau, A.
Vose, Val
Wood, Fred
Williams & Morton
Ward, John F.
Wilson, Jos. (2)
Whalling, Hallsay (2)
Waldron, Rich (3)
Winnett, Geo. W.
Wadsworth, Frank
Woodson, Harry
Welch, Chas. H.
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Werner's Co.
Wilmore & Clark 16c.
Worcland, Ed. 9c.
Wood, Geo. W. 9c.
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West, Wm. (pantomime)
Williams, John
Wilkinsons, The
Wade, F. D.
Warren, C. J. F.
Waddy, T. M.
Webster, Eddie (2)
Young, M. F.

THE FOLLOWING LETTERS for professionals are in care of T. H. Schneider, 21 East State street, Columbus, O: John A. Rogers, Agent Byers Sisters' Co.; W. A. Hayden, T. W. Keene, Frazer Coulter, Henrietta Vaders, Walverton Sturt, of Fie'd's Co.; Manager of Lingard Bros.' Circus, Australia; Clarance B. Scott's Co.; Treasurer of Jack Harkaway Co., and F. Mayer, of J. Rial's Humpty Dumpty Co.

THERE is a letter for Jo the Post-office, Rockford (Ill.) for Claude De Haven, J. F. Lune (4), W. McConnell, and S. C. McCune, of the "Arabian Night Combination."

CARD.—Lady performers and Ball wire where the Grand Opera-house now is. Several minstrel troupes appeared there.

YOUNGSTOWN, Kansas.—We are not advised as to the private affairs of the lady. 2. Another story became mixed up with it.

WORCESTER, Mass.—Les Cloches de Corneville."

PHILADELPHIA.—Walnut-street Hall was where the Grand Opera-house now is. Several minstrel troupes appeared there.

YOUNGSTOWN, Kansas.—We are not advised as to the private affairs of the lady. 2. Another story became mixed up with it.

BOSTON.—Les Cloches de Corneville."

PHILADELPHIA.—Walnut-street Hall was where the Grand Opera-house now is.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

With a view of relieving the pressure upon our regular "Answers to Correspondents" column, we propose to insert hereafter answers relating to amateur and professional amusements. Such queries as relate to other matters will be answered in our regular columns, and should be written on separate slips of paper from those asking for information concerning amusements. No answer at all will be made, either by mail or telegraph, to any question that we may have reason to think involves a dispute between individuals. All such will be answered publicly, through our columns.—ED. CLIPPER.

☞ QUESTIONS THAT DO NOT REACH THIS OFFICE UNTIL MONDAY MORNING WILL NOT BE ANSWERED UNTIL THE FOLLOWING WEEK.

To Our Authorized Correspondents.

In the future please give all routes ahead of combinations upon *separate pieces of paper*, instead of embodying them in your letters.

S. R., Baltimore.—1. The S. P. C. C. sat down upon the Siegrist boys after their return from Europe. 2. The pledge was given that they should retire into private life. It is just possible that one or more of them are performing under a nom de plume. 3. Not to our knowledge. 4. Retirement. 5. Venus is still before the public. Adonis is hiding his light under a bushel. 6. By addressing him in care of CLIPPER. 7. See column of regular answers.

T. O., Windham.—1. The Stadt Theatre, now the Windsor, this city, will seat more people than any other in this country. 2. Mlle. Rhea and Mlle. Janauschek principally prefer Arbuckle, and others prefer Levy. If bulk of people are to determine, then it is necessarily Levy, since more have heard him than have heard Arbuckle. 3. Your card for four insertions will cost $7.80.

W. F. S., Cambridge City.—1. As J. H. Haverly has been in the business female impersonation "for the past fifteen years," he has necessarily had to be in it five or six years, and both are right. 2. It means that he has been in it no longer than five or six years, then B alone is right.

A. S. T., Boston.—We know of no one of that name whose you mean the lady professionally known as Ada Isaacs Menken. She is traveling with Paul Hamlin.

I am K., Philadelphia.—1. "The Tramp," recited by N. S. if I could." "The Brook," was written for THE NEW YORK CLIPPER about fifteen years ago. Very likely you can obtain a copy by addressing the publishers. 2. Ed. James, whose card see. 3. We do not [illegible]ney split.

A. D., Jr.—1. W. S. Swatara, Yokohama.—1. Leona Dare was probably born in Illinois. At all events, she was reared in Mattoon, that State, after her father was killed in the battle of the Rappahannock. She has retired from the profession.

J. S., Lansing.—We have not the space to describe all the designs that correspondents see to the fit to have on programmes and other printing the treasurer sells tickets, and the advance-agent goes ahead to carry out the instructions of the manager.

S. G. K., Washington.—1. Those lithographs were made in Cincinnati, O., we have been informed. 2. Address Martin Hanley in order to obtain the information. 3. Alice Harrison made her debut when she was a child, in Philadelphia, in 1861.

SERIOUS.—It is understood as receiving one-third of the gross receipts at every performance. If you can find out what those receipts truly were at Booth's, you would then get the pro.

W. R. K., Charleston.—The chance for any young man twenty years of age to learn the circus business is very slim, while the chance of his becoming an actor is much slimmer.

C. B., Oakdale.—1. The Vampires were in this city a few weeks ago. Watch our variety department. 2. Opinions differ as to whether "The Merchant of Venice" is Shakespeare's best or not.

T. S., Jamestown.—1. There is no book that will teach how to build theatres or theatre-stages. 2. The flats used in the theatres of this city are usually eighteen feet high.

J. K. K.—1. We do not know where Sallie Partington was born. 2. She has performed almost everywhere in this country the past thirty years. 3. It is not negatively that she appeared in Robinson Hall some years ago.

W. O. B., Hagerstown.—We do not recommend any or express an opinion. Dick & Fitzgerald, 18 Ann street, this city, publish several. Choose one to suit yourself.

W. S. Ashland.—1. If Mr. Williams who plays "Wash" and "Gid" is C. Williamson, I know nothing about it.

J. K. Chesterfield.—1. It costs a dollar to get a copyright under the new law. 2. Prescribed of procedure is fully described in THE CLIPPER ALMANAC for 1880.

W. G. B., Albany.—We do not recommend any worth nothing until they go into the hands of some good showman, who will quickly find out if they are of value or not.

O. S.—Grace Church parsonage. Hall was where the Grand Opera-house now is. Several minstrel troupes appeared there.

TOURMISTE, Kansas.—1. We are not advised as to the private affairs of the lady. 2. Another story became mixed up with it.

J. B., Boston.—Les Cloches de Corneville."

J. B., Boston.—Les Cloches de Corneville."

J. H. P.—Yes.

J. F. W.—We have not space to answer questions, like Theatre Thomas, Dr. Damrosch, G. Masaka, etc. If you wish to correspond apply to M. J. Jordan, Jersey City.

J. F. W.—Address Frank Mayo, 1164 Third avenue, New York.

A. F. W.—Wyckoff's run from 81 to 91 to W. A. Pond & Co.'s Building square, Fourth avenue.

F. W. S.—Address Miss Pauline Markham, Saltora.

M. E. Bay Ridge.—Miss Pauline Markham is not just now before the public.

INTERESTED.—Since it is to decide a bet, we prefer to be told exactly what the bet is, if it is all the same to you.

ACTOR, Marion.—We never heard of such a drama. It is probably an old-timer with a new name.

S. J. H., Youngstown.—Watch our amusement columns for his route ahead.

J. V., Decatur.—There were no prizes contended for. Each participant received a memorial medal.

J. G. C., Springfield.—The whegeabouts of that company is mentioned in our amusement columns every week.

E. G. T.—Address the Lord Chamberlain of Simmonds & Brown, dramatic agents, this city. No answers by mail.

C. AND T., St. Joseph.—Twins. Charlotte Cushman was a singer before she became an actress.

THE WIFE of Ed. Kelly, song-and-dance, wishes to hear from him. Her address is Cumberland, Md.

C. R. D., Olean.—Lotta has never played Camille.

J. S., Zanesville.—It is the genuine F. T. Barnum.

C. J. A., St. Louis.—Little Mac is living.

H. M., Davenport.—It is necessary.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, Feb. 7, 1881.

Well, if the past hasn't been a stinging week, then Joe Bowers' dog's name isn't "Frost Bite." Why, the very brandy your physician ordered you to take for medicinal purposes froze upon the lip ere the thirstful yearning for the panacea could be quenched. Men froze, women froze, ice-cream, even, froze; and billiard-balls froze more than ever; the audiences in our theatres were so cold that you couldn't have got three cheers out of the whole of 'em put together—such a solid North has not been known since the Winter when they roasted whole oxen on the ice in the East River. The solid South is nothing to it; and they've been solider than ever down there, too. Why, parties engaged in gathering strawberries in Georgia were suddenly struck by a snowstorm and completely buried out of sight before assistance could reach them. And North Carolina one of our Southern friends went into a watermelon-patch to pick out a melon for us like the one Tanner broke his long fast upon last year; and what do you think? The entire patch was nothing but a sheet of ice. Is it true? Well, that's what they told us, and we know that no good Southerner would be guilty of falsehood for such perishable things as strawberries and watermelons. And sleighing! Why, we've had enough of it for once in our life. The lovely creatures who filled the sleigh last Wednesday tried their best to keep us above the freezing point, but it was a neck-and-neck race with the grim monster. Of course we laid him out like a boiled lobster. We never saw our managers look so gloomy as they did when that last blizzard froze to them. Not one of them exhibited that serene cast of countenance which always greets us, even when we go to collect a bill. Ofcourse we soon melted them with our persuasive eloquence. For the first and only time "Tom or Jim" made not the slightest objection when we directed him to attend the fires, and see that the stove's kept hot. You remember Dick Buddy's performing dog, don't you? The one that used to go round with the hat and collect the pennies of his fellow-dogs. Well, on one of those frigid nights that dog was also the ladder-feat, climbing up a ladder as it might be, and when he got to the top standing on his head, and drinking a glass of water as you will please to call the performance of his fellow-dogs. Well, on one of those frigid nights that dog was staying up there unusually long, but they had no idea what detained him. Would you believe it? When they attempted to bring him down the dog was frozen fast to the ladder, and you could see that the last mouthful of water that the glass contained was frozen hard and fast between the cup and the lip. It sounds like a lie, doesn't it? But it's every word true. We can prove it by the owner of the dog, and the barkeeper who served the water—men who never tell an untruth, even when they can make a trifle by such questionable conduct. We append a few choice rhymes:

ON A FROZEN DOG.

The canine stood upon his head,
Indulging in his wine [whine],
But suddenly he grew quite dead
When drinking ice-water—mein
The man he clumb the ladder up,
He clomb with energy,
But when he reached the top
The dog was dead, was he.
A crowner's jury gathered round,
They gazed [at] the dog upon,
And after dinner each man sound
On Bible book was sworn.
They heard each witness at their lunch
With dignity and ease,
Then verdict rendered o'er their punch:
"He died of heart-disease!"

Beneath a little green-clad mound
Lies he whose sun is set;
But when the violets bloom, this hound
Will rise again, you bet.

.....Consolation for an inclement weather has been so intensely cold in London that several theatres there were obliged to temporarily close, while ours are running along just the same as ever, though with reduced receipts. Bully for us!..... Some "sprightly" individuals have asserted that certain nations don't *stay* very long at one place nowadays. Nobody to blame but the blizzard, which stops everybody's business.....Pete Conklin the clown thinks with Shakespeare that everybody who seeks popularity and fame is no gentleman. And that is putting it in a very mild form, *we* think. Pete is not the Senator Conklin' now making such a stir in political circles.....There have been fewer theatres destroyed by fire this season than there have been churches consumed by the devouring element. We don't know how to account for it, but it's so. Insurance companies complain bitterly of the losses they've sustained by the conflagrations. Now, what do you think our aristocracy up on Murray Hill amuse themselves with at their receptions, etc.? Why, with propounding and answering conundrums. Fact! Yes, true as you're born. A real live conundrum given at a swell evening reunion a few evenings ago, and when the guests had taken their rations standing somebody proposed conundrums, and the entire strength of the company hailed it with thunders of applause of fervid and edification. From a cursory glance at some of the conundrums, as published in the society journals, we were sorry to see a number of old friends that have done duty on the minstrel boards ever since the days of Noah and the ark, or corks. The one which took the cake, however, and brought down the house like an unanticipated blizzard from Manitoba, was this, as offered by a very reckless and indiscreet young blood resident near Revy, Dr. Rollo's Reformed Episcopal church: "Why is an umbrella unlike a woman? Because you can *shut up an umbrella*"..... Well, Jimmy, what have *you* got to say about it? "I would fain say the same, but another gentleman got there first." Well, out with it. "Why is that five-pound pie I have just devoured like the opera now going on at Brother Haverly's Fifth-avenue Theatre? Because it's all I've et!" ("Olivette,").....And this reference to your humble servant, Mr. J. C. Raymond has been living on stale rolls [roles] so long that he has at last concluded to commence on a "Fresh" one to-night at Manager Abbey's Park Theatre [which is the name of his new play]..... Little (in the hungry sense of the word) is known as that Dr. Tanner, the go-without-food-for-forty-days man, is lecturing in Pennsylvania; but the hotel-keepers and lunch-fiends pursue him with vindictive severity, and his advance agent is not to be seen. He's probably up a pines away like the cedars of Lebanon, and is cast down like a weeping willow.....A well-meaning friend of ours suggests that a jury of twenty-five honest and impartial critics be chosen to examine the merits of the different circuits of all new plays submitted for public approval. As if such an honest jury couldn't be got at by equally honest authors, their friends and supporters..... If all our ballad-singers are going "A-Moulding" in their graves, who will care for mother next? Better let the violets rest.....We know how it would be. Another set of Nautch girls have been manufactured to order, and the young ladies were dancing in the National Theatre, Philadelphia, last week. Manager Daly must look to his Hindoos and his laurels.....Fanny Davenport gives us a good deal of trouble in our efforts to keep her in the proper groove. We have been opposed to her doing Camille, for Fanny is altogether too robust and voluptuous to give a life-like impersonation of that consumptive creature. She needs to be trained down a bit, to have her weight reduced just as if she was preparing to take part in a six-day go-as-you-please exhibition. Unless she undergoes a complete course of training, she had better dismiss Camille, and take up with Cleopatra. Fanny should give the subject her earnest attention.....If the party morally responsible for what we are about to perpetrate is wanted, he should be looked for in the person of the man who advertised alligators for sale in the following patent-medicine style, and therefore we append the advertisement in question:

ABOUT ALLIGATORS.

So it seems, from the foregoing allegation,
That one sale an alligator's put,
In fact, in the following declaration,
He's disposed of for a given sum per foot.
Wherein the alligator he doth differ
From the damsel who is so'd in this land,
For the latter is disposed of quickly, if her
Suitor is prepared to buy her hand!
Yet what poetic could be appropriater
Than measuring these reptiles thus to boot?
For don't you see that where it's all a gaiter
It must have more or less to do with foot!

.....Balls are all the rage now, and to a certain extent they draw a good deal of support from theatre-goers, and this makes our managers sick and discouraged. In addition to the great Charity Ball, which took place on Feb. 3, the Manhattan Turtle Club had their Terpsichorean display on the 2d of Feb., and a grand success it was, with *mock*-turtleites among the missing. But we must confess that, much as we admire dancing, we would rather see the jolly members of the club eating turtle-soup than tripping it on the light fantastic heel-and-toe.....We are fully convinced that the Kiralfys committed an irreparable error in not making a black Venus the evening star of their spectacle; but it is too late to talk about it now—to chalk her white would not mend the matter. The authors of this sable Venus will now understand why the theatre has not been crowded to the doors since this animated combination was put on the stage at Niblo's.....For the Poe Memorial entertainment the managers committed an oversight in not including in the programme "The Black Raven of the Tombs." This would have brought in the notice of the public the name of one of the poet's greatest poems. This comes of not consulting us in time. Upon the proposed monument let there be a raven tapping, gently tapping at the door. "Only this, and nothing more." Everybody will understand it.....Our athletic reader may like to know that the sketch of "Muldoon the Solid Man" is not so called after the wrestling policeman of that name. This will prevent a gushed desire for some fifty years from now.....Chang, the Chinese giant now on exhibition at Bunnell's Museum, this city, must not be confounded with Chang, the well-known member of the firm of Chang and Eng, Siamese twins, who lately shuffled off in this country. That firm disbanded several years ago, the dissolution being caused by the dissolution of the twins, who died..... We were greatly alarmed last week when Signor Farini brought an advertisement, or publication in THE CLIPPER, wherein public notice is given that the feat of firing out people had been patented by him, and parties infringing his right would be fired out themselves in the same inquiry. However, as to how far his rights extended, we were informed that his patent covered only the feat of firing men and girls out of cannons. That was satisfactory; and those of our friends who are in the habit of firing out people indiscriminately can pursue their innocent practices without violating Farini's right.....Before us tranquilly reposes the voluptuous photograph of a live child, aged two years and one month, the property of Mr. and Mrs. Reid of 503 Seventh. This child looks so much like the fat woman who died some time ago that, if we did not know better, we might imagine it to be bone of her bone, flesh of her flesh, and rib of her ribs. A card in connection with this animated photograph runs, MAY be found among our business notices, and those in want of curiosities, of this boy-cotting description, should read it.

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

The Liederkranz, who now number eight hundred, are considering the advisability of removing from Fourth street and establishing a club-house uptown.....

D'Oyley Carte is not to return to America this season.

.....Kiss Ella Mayo, whose death is recorded elsewhere, was not only esteemed by those who knew her intimately, but also respected by the entire profession.....Edwin Booth in London "turns about, and jumps about, and does just so," by alternating as Othello and Iago, in spite of the protests of the critics. On Valentine's Day he is to essay King Lear, and then the scribes will "give it to him."..... A Baltimore Masonic lodge of which he has been a member for about twenty years gave Joseph Jefferson a reception on the 3d.....Miss Marion Booth contemplates speedy matrimony. Arthur Sullivan continues in poor health.....The Baroness Burdett-Coutts and her sister, Mrs. Trevanion, have remitted two-thirds of the last year's rent to their tenants in Berkshire and Wiltshire, for which their brother, the late Sir Robert Burdett, made a remission of twenty per cent. in the rents for the first half-year of 1880 shortly before his death.....Despite the intense cold and the exposed and bleak situation, our Metropolitan Museum was visited by nearly five thousand persons on New Year's day, the total number of visitors during the year 1880 being 267,000.....Miss Mora of Wallack's Theatre got back here from England last week.....Frank Hawley, of the Central Railroad, this city, pioneer playerhad his arm broken, and Miss Rose Marion, said to be a chorus-singer, was thrown through a car-window and was badly cut. Eugene Jepson in all were more or less injured.....The pianomakers of this city continue their strike.....The chief of Farini's party of three Zulus died in London, England, on Saturday last, and was buried the following day, when his two companions set sail for this country, to join a circus.....It is said that the widow of J. H. Hackett contemplates writing a memoir of the dead comedian.....The gentleman who won the portrait of John Brougham, recently raffled off, has presented it to the Lambs' Club, and it will be placed in the picture-gallery for production as soon as the old stand-by ceases to "Help" him along.....In Milwaukee, Wis., on Feb. 3, Charles Winegard and Miss Ella Kirtland were to have been married. Both are in their twenty second year, both used to be members of the Liliputian Opera Troupe, and both have been given a benefit every evening since the season of a few evenings ago, and when the guests had taken their rations standing somebody proposed conundrums, and the entire strength of the company hailed it with thunders of applause of fervid and edification. From a cursory glance at some of the conundrums, as published in the society journals, we were sorry to see a number of old friends that have done duty on the minstrel boards ever since the days of Noah and the ark, or corks. The one which took the cake, however, and brought down the house like an unanticipated blizzard from Manitoba, was this, as offered by a very reckless and indiscreet young blood resident near Revy, Dr. Rollo's Reformed Episcopal church: "Why is an umbrella unlike a woman? Because you can *shut up an umbrella*"..... Well, Jimmy, what have *you* got to say about it? 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He's probably up a pines away like the cedars of Lebanon, and is cast down like a weeping willow.....A well-meaning friend of ours suggests that a jury of twenty-five honest and impartial critics be chosen to examine the merits of the different circuits of all new plays submitted for public approval. As if such an honest jury couldn't be got at by equally honest authors, their friends and supporters.....If all our ballad-singers are going "A-Moulding" in their graves, who will care for mother next? Better let the violets rest.....We know how it would be. Another set of Nautch girls have been manufactured to order, and the young ladies were dancing in the National Theatre, Philadelphia, last week. Manager Daly must look to his Hindoos and his laurels.....Fanny Davenport gives us a good deal of trouble in our efforts to keep her in the proper groove. 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So it seems, from the foregoing allegation,
That one sale an alligator's put,
In fact, in the following declaration,
He's disposed of for a given sum per foot.
Wherein the alligator he doth differ
From the damsel who is so'd in this land,
For the latter is disposed of quickly, if her
Suitor is prepared to buy her hand!
Yet what poetic could be appropriater
Than measuring these reptiles thus to boot?
For don't you see that where it's all a gaiter
It must have more or less to do with foot!

.....Balls are all the rage now, and to a certain extent they draw a good deal of support from theatre-goers, and this makes our managers sick and discouraged. In addition to the great Charity Ball, which took place on Feb. 3, the Manhattan Turtle Club had their Terpsichorean display on the 2d of Feb., and a grand success it was, with *mock*-turtleites among the missing. But we must confess that, much as we admire dancing, we would rather see the jolly members of the club eating turtle-soup than tripping it on the light fantastic heel-and-toe.....We are fully convinced that the Kiralfys committed an irreparable error in not making a black Venus the evening star of their spectacle; but it is too late to talk about it now—to chalk her white would not mend the matter. The authors of this sable Venus will now understand why the theatre has not been crowded to the doors since this animated combination was put on the stage at Niblo's.....For the Poe Memorial entertainment the managers committed an oversight in not including in the programme "The Black Raven of the Tombs." This would have brought in the notice of the public the name of one of the poet's greatest poems. This comes of not consulting us in time. Upon the proposed monument let there be a raven tapping, gently tapping at the door. "Only this, and nothing more." Everybody will understand it.....Our athletic reader may like to know that the sketch of "Muldoon the Solid Man" is not so called after the wrestling policeman of that name. This will prevent a gushed desire for some fifty years from now.....Chang, the Chinese giant now on exhibition at Bunnell's Museum, this city, must not be confounded with Chang, the well-known member of the firm of Chang and Eng, Siamese twins, who lately shuffled off in this country. That firm disbanded several years ago, the dissolution being caused by the dissolution of the twins, who died..... We were greatly alarmed last week when Signor Farini brought an advertisement, or publication in THE CLIPPER, wherein public notice is given that the feat of firing out people had been patented by him, and parties infringing his right would be fired out themselves in the same inquiry. However, as to how far his rights extended, we were informed that his patent covered only the feat of firing men and girls out of cannons. That was satisfactory; and those of our friends who are in the habit of firing out people indiscriminately can pursue their innocent practices without violating Farini's right.....Before us tranquilly reposes the voluptuous photograph of a live child, aged two years and one month, the property of Mr. and Mrs. Reid of 503 Seventh. This child looks so much like the fat woman who died some time ago that, if we did not know better, we might imagine it to be bone of her bone, flesh of her flesh, and rib of her ribs. A card in connection with this animated photograph runs, MAY be found among our business notices, and those in want of curiosities, of this boy-cotting description, should read it.

SALVINI began his second engagement this season in Booth's Theatre Jan. 31, acting the title-character in an Italian version of Alexander Soumet's French drama of "The Gladiator," which was repeated Feb. 2, 3, and matinee 5, in the presence of enthusiastic audiences. He depicted the role with rare power and great intelligence. His acting in the scene in the arena, when he is about to slay Neodemia, and recognizes in her by a scar on her neck his long-lost child, and during his subsequent appeal to the populace to spare her life, told with electrical effect upon the audience. The enthusiasm did not abate until he had responded to three recalls. In the tragical climax of the piece, where he denounces the Empress Faustina with terrible fury, slays his own child to protect her from the mob who are forcing their way to her cell, and takes his own life, he again aroused his auditors to the highest pitch of excitement. The cast was the same as during the last production of the tragedy here. On the other nights of the week "Enoch Arden" was acted, with the following cast: Enoch, Jas. O'Neil; Philip Ray, Harry Crisp; Reuben, A. D. Billings; Captain Sterling, N. Jones; Postwoman, James King; Peter Lane, W. F. Owen; Walter Arden, little Hattie Naylor; Mayor, Henry Thompson; First Sailor, W. A. Reed; Second Sailor, J. Munroe; Third Sailor, H. Watson; First Villager, W. Chapman; Second Villager, F. Loon; Third Villager, Charles Poor; Annie Leigh, Agnes Booth; Miriam Lane, Mrs. E. D. Davenport; Esther Arden, little Eva Carpenter; Mrs. Spindle, Miss Lizzie Cox. The version was that which had been used by the late Edwin Adams, and the performance of it was not in all respects satisfactory. James O'Neil is to be complimented for his excellent portrayal of the hero, being tender and affectionate in the earlier scenes, and during the last two acts his pathos was so earnestly and artistically displayed that it aroused a feeling of sympathy among his auditors, and many eyes were moistened with tears. We have seldom if ever seen Agnes Booth appear to less advantage than she did as Annie Leigh. She was cold and unsympathetic, and failed to impress us that her grief was real. Her sobbing were swayed by the language she was uttering. The other characters were acted in a conventional manner, and did not rise above the level of old-time melodramatic performances. Attendance moderate.

THE PRODUCTION OF "OLIVETTE" at Haverly's Fifth-avenue Theatre has been a decided success, and the Comley-Barton Company are just now in high favor in consequence of their clever presentation of this, the Farnie version of the opera. Audran's catching music is certain to be popular for a while, and the capital manner in which the principal roles are done by this company will give it additional favor. On its merit for originality or brilliant writing it would not stand much chance, but, associated with the funny situations of the play, it will strike a success for its tunefulness and humor. Catherine Lewis is at home in the part of the ingenuous Olivette, and there is an idea of the opera-bouffe in her acting and singing of the role that makes it consistent and charmingly effective. The "Sob Song," for instance, as she gives it, is certain of encores, for it is both sung and acted in a way to be made musical with concerts by George Werrenrath on Feb. 17 and 24 and March 3.....Good as she was when she first appeared in this city, the characteristic Miss Flora Moore has very much improved, as shown last week at Harry Miner's.....The Chicago correspondent of *The Observer* says: "Miss Flora Moore has been engaged for a full blast here for two years. They seem to have the

A. in Boston, Mass., are thus
respondent, writing on Feb. 6:
nger the management of H.
a excellent engagement at the
ough it cannot be said any im-
vable in the lady's acting, still
eauty and personal popularity
ons, in nowise lessened since
e on our dramatic stage, eight
elections included 'As You
matinee Feb. 2 and night
liet' Feb. 1, The School for
fternoon 5, 'Blind Iolanthe'
s 'King Kene's baughter') and
for the benefit of the star, and
The support was not brilliant
tion being made in the case of
ho read the lines of Jaques
redible manner, and also made
igi Labiache improved on ac-
is perhaps acceptable in the
roles. Harry Pearson's rubi-
ill suited to Sir Toby Belch,
ked as Old Adam. George
e was the most funereal we
f the company, including the
d and F. O. Savage, were fair.
on for Saturday night Duncan
n wrestler, played Charles the
e Ward and company open 7
Miss Ward has been in town
the week preparing for the
liam E. Sinn of Broe kfyt; her
engaged as support. Frank
nner, Laura Le Claire, Charles
nters and Horace Lewis. James
oth are to appear in 'A Cele-
alsbury.' Twilbach played on
the new piece written for them
d may be brought out.....
. Holmes are getting to be
rs. They are advertised as fig-
on at the Globe Monday night.
continued his impersonation
at the Boston Theatre to re
audiences. The engagement
Anderson commences 14.....
Guy Garrison at the Bijou. Mrs
d still a good business can be
of 5 Mrs. J. R. Vincent, who
he pleasure of more than one
m habitues, received her an-
Rob Roy' and 'Bohemian Girl'
l. The house was crowded to
eneficiary was given a most
he Guy'ner' will be repeated
the present week, excepting
May Davenport makes her ap-
on's Old Guard' and 'School,'
ceives his first benefit in this
arble Heart' and the balcony-
and Juliet' will be played, with
Norah Bartlett as Romeo and
The new melodrama 'Two
awcett Rowe, will be given 14,
on any stage.....Bouciault
with 'The Shaughraun.'.....
ains a permanent member of
g the rest of this and the
e Park Theatre, during the
of the tragedy season given by
and company, was largely
a some nights overcrowded.
on Jan. 31, Feb. 3, 'Richelieu'
nice' and 'David Garrick' 2,
ay of Lyons' matinee 5, and
ment' that night. The last-nam-
paratively short, enabled Mr.
es to leave on that night's New
Richmond, Va., where they are
11 A.M. 7. For the next forty light
Duff's version of 'Olivette,' sung
n the New York Park Theatre.
McKee Rankin, and for fol-
s: 'The Galley Slave,' Mr.
S. Knight, the 'One Hundred
n, Fanny Davenport, Janau-
ion-square Theatre Company.
lost arts has been moved
nt in advertising a miscel-
of articles found in the seats
and left or forgotten by their
sing the absorbing plays lately
.....a new departure is to
management of the Novelty
ing 7, in doing away with
d presenting combinations in
appear will be John Murrray and
Folk Lore, or Constable Hook.
e company will include Mr. and
n (who have been absent from
years), Edwin Brink, Phineas
3, and 'Camille' for an extra matinee 3. The im-
pression made by the star fully answered prior-
formed expectations. The total receipts of the
season were $16,068.56, divided as follows: 'Adri-
enne,' $2,186; 'Camille,' $3,816; 'Pron-Pron,' $3,181;
'Hernani,' $2,909; 'Camille' matinee.. $3,054.50.
The party left 6 for New Orleans....Fanny
Davenport opened in the Grand Opera-house
Jan. 31 in 'Camille,' which drew well; but
there was a considerable falling-off on the
other Bernhardt nights. 'Pique' was programmed
Feb. 1, 2. 'Leah' 3, 'Lady of Lyons' 4. 'Ca-
mille' matinee 5, 'London Assurance' and 'Oliver
Twist' 5, and for an extra performance 8 'Ca-
mille.' The 'Camille' matinee was the largest
a matinee prices ever in this house, the re-
ceipts being $1,212.75 against $1,186 taken by Mag-
gie Mitchell during her last engagement. Baker
and Farron follow 7. Robson and Crane 14.....
Nell Burgess in 'Widow Bedott' has been the
attraction at Heuck's Opera-house to fair houses.
Rice's Evangeline' 7, the Stratevists 14.....J.
K. Emmet and company passed through town 4,
en route to New Orleans.....Olive Logan, who is
visiting in this city, has been writing up Bern-
hardt, or rather writing O. L., with occasional ref-
erences to Sarah.....Miles' 'Revelers' will be re-
placed by McOates and a comic-opera company.

RICE'S SURPRISE PARTY furnished amusements
to large assemblages in the Opera-house, St. Louis,
Mo., the past week, the opening audience on Sun-
day, Jan. 30, being, says our correspondent, 'a
large one.' At the close of the week's engagement
which will include Mrs. J. H. Kline (Mr.
Rogers' sister), who has a good literary reputation,
and who will be Miss Palmer's companion. It is
their intention to make a professional tour of
England, and to visit all places of interest on the
Continent during their periods of rest. Mr. Rogers
has made the tour around the world, and should
be of service to Miss Palmer.

THE PITTSBURG 'LODGE OF ELKS" will take
their benefit Feb. 10 at the Opera-house, when the
combined attractions of the city are announced
to co-operate. At the auction-sale of seats Feb. 3
the stage-boxes brought $53, one bringing $32.
The sale of seats already assures a successful
benefit.

AT PENCE'S OPERA-HOUSE, Minneapolis, Minn.,
'The Lancashire Lass" was played Jan. 31, Feb.
1, 2. The new company is receiving good pat-
ronage, and their performances are favorably re-
ceived by the public.....Baldwin's Brilliants per-
formed 4, 5, in the Academy of Music.

MRS. G. C. HOWARD'S "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN"
COMPANY opens for the week in Library Hall, Pitts-
burg, Pa., Feb. 7.

CLAUDE DU HAVEN is to sever his connection
with the 'Arabian Night" Combination Feb. 12, to
embark in an amusement enterprise of his own.

MR. KIRWIN will be the star at the Pittsburg (Pa.)
Opera-house this week.

NOT DISBANDED.—M. B. Leavitt telegraphs to
THE CLIPPER from Chicago, Ill., Feb. 6: "My bur-
lesque company has not disbanded. We are com-
pelled to remain idle for one week to arrange
future dates, because Thomas Maguire broke his
contract with me at the last moment, he being un-
able to pay the fares of the troupe to San Fran-
cisco, Cal."

A TELEGRAM from a correspondent in New Or-
leans, La., dated Feb. 6, says: "A washout on the
railroad detained J. K. Emmet and company and
the 'Fun on the Bristol" Combination at Biloxi.
The St. Charles Theatre is closed, and Oliver Doud
Byron is playing in the Academy. Lotta is still
here, but she declined to play. Emmet, who has
arrived, is O. K."

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., our correspondent,
under date of Jan. 30, sends the appended: "At
Baldwin's, where business has been extremely
light during the week, 'Winnefred's Lode' succeed-
ed 'Wedded by Fate' 27. The play is an adaptation
of 'The Danites,' and has already been produced
in this city under the title of 'All for Gold.' John
W. Jennings, one of the very best in his line of act-
ing, will be the recipient of a testimonial benefit
this evening, when he will appear in his creation
of Joskin Tubbs in 'Pink Dominos' and as Myles
Na Coppeleen in 'The Colleen Bawn,' with Charles
Norris as Danny Mann. Miss Clara Stuart will
make her debut 31 as Leah. 'Eviction' will
be revived Feb. 1, and remain as the attrac-
tion until 4, when Joseph Grismer will produce
'Led Astray' for his farewell benefit, supported by
Miss Rose Osborne as the Countess, and Mrs. John
Malone, who will on that evening make her first
public appearance as Matilde. On Sunday even-
ing, Feb. 6, Harry Colton will partake of a benefit,
appearing in 'The Corsican Brothers' and 'His Last
Legs,'.....The revivals of 'Giroflé-Girofla' and
'The Chimes of Normandy' at the Bush-street The-
atre did not have a very beneficial effect on the
box-office receipts, attributable to the absence of
Miss Emelie Melville from the cast and the heavy
rains of the latter portion of the week. As Gas-
pard the miser James A. Meade was excellent. E.
N. Knight, the new comedian from the East, has
not proved a success, and does not promise to
be a dangerous rival to Tom Casselli. This theatre
will remain closed until Feb. 2 for the final dress-
rehearsals of 'Nisida,' which will be produced
with the utmost care as regards scenery, costumes
and effects. Miss Emelie Melville will assume the
role of Nisida, and Max Freeman, Alonzo Hatch,
Louis Nathal, Tom Casselli, E. N. Knight, Fred.
Bockel, Louise Lester and Dora Muhlbach are to
appear in the cast. 'Nisida' is expected to hold
the fort until 21, when Haverly's Minstrels will
make their appearance for a four weeks' engage-
ment. The Strategists are expected at this theatre
in April, and Robson and Crane in May.....Busi-
ness was only fair at the Standard, where
'Queen's Evidence' remained the attraction.....
'Cinderella,' now entering its sixth week at
the Tivoli, is still attracting very large and
well-pleased audiences. The educated heifer,
under Prof. John Williams' careful tuition, is one
of the principal features, and its appearance is
nightly hailed with shouts of laughter and ap-
plause.....The Bella Union is nightly crowded to
repletion, a flattering compliment paid as much to
the executive ability and able management of
Harry Montague as to the excellent programme.
In addition to the company already established
favorites, can be numbered Miss Lola Sefton, Millie
Christine and Frankie Howard, who made their
first appearance 29. Sam Dearin is a great favor-
ite, and has been so pleased with his recep-
tion and his patrons that he has concluded to
make this country his present and future home.
.....Mrs. J. M. Bowers, wife of Dr. J. Milton
Bowers, died in this city 28. She was the author-
ess of the 'Dance of Life,' and before her marriage
with the Doctor was an actress of considerable
ability. Under the stage name of Theresa Seiden,
she made her last appearance in public upon the
occasion of the production of the 'The Exiles' at
the California Theatre, about four years ago.
.....John Tighe, father of James Tighe,
now travelling with Tom Keene's Company, died
in this city last week.....John E. Owens has
been doing a good business in the interior towns.
He will go East shortly with That Man from Catte-
raugus.'.....'Trial by Jury' still forms the attraction
at Woodward's Gardens. Harry Le Clair and W. J.
Russell, the popular comedians, also appear in 'A
Practical Joke.'.....Lew Rattler and Jake Wallace
have reappeared on Bush-street.....Robert Mc-
Wade is in Portland, Oregon.....The stock com-
pany of the Standard has been disbanded.....The
Adelphia Theatre, despite the strong counter-
attractions, succeeds in drawing full houses nightly.
E. T. Stetson has made a hit in his play of 'Ken-
tuck,' and by request it will remain as the
attraction another week. Everett and Daly are
favorites, and their specialties are enthusiastically
encored. Crosby and Martin, Annie Rynard, and Eli
in Barrett are magnetic and pleasing. 'Neck and
Neck' will be produced Feb. 7.....Chas. Norris is en-
gaged for leading juvenile business at the Baldwin.....
It is rumored here that Ned Buckley of the Adelphi
has leased the California Theatre, and will open it
next month with popular prices. Nat Goodwin, it
is said, will be the first attraction, although the
Baldwin management claim he is engaged to ap-
pear at their house April 18.....Jas. M. Ward is
playing in Stockton at a reported weekly salary of
$150.....Kate Claxton will soon play at the
Baldwin.....Haverly's Minstrels will appear
at Sacramento Feb. 14, the Baldwin Company
21, and the Emelie Melville Opera Company 28.
.....Dyllyn, the popular baritone, has been en-
gaged to sing the Sergeant in 'The Pirates of Pen-
zance' at Woodward's 6, 7.....The Wyman party,
consisting of Alf and Lulu Wyman, Mr. and
Mrs. Charles Norris, and Paul Blum, with J. P.
Howe as advance-agent, arrived in this city 26
from Montana, where their play of 'Yakie' was
favorably received. They will probably go to Aus-
tralia by the next steamer.....Max Freeman is to
be the next stage-manager of the Bush-street The-
atre.....Miss Adele Waters will shortly go East to
join the company supporting Eleanor Calhoun.....
James M. Ward has been engaged for the Baldwin
Company when they make their interior tour.....
Williams and Sully, having finished their San Jose
engagement, have gone to Boston, where they are
to appear Feb. 21. They are accompanied by Miss
Nellie Germon, who prior to her departure was
presented with a costly set of Diamond ear-rings,
gold watch and chain by a few of her friends."

SOL SMITH RUSSELL AND COMBINATION presented
"Engewood Folks" in the Grand Opera-house,
Toronto, Ont., Feb. 4, 5. Business large. There is
nothing billed at either house for this week. Aug.
Piton severed his connection with the Grand Opera
Jan. 29, after three years' service, and left Feb. 1
for New York, where he will take charge of Joseph
Murphy. O. B. Sheppard, late treasurer, is an-
nounced as manager.

BUFFALO BILL'S COMBINATION is due in Pough-
keepsie, N. Y., Feb. 7, Albany 8, Troy 9, Ilion 10,
Utica 11, Syracuse 12, Auburn 14, Rochester 15, 16,
Albion 17, Medina 18, Lockport 19.

THE "ALL THE RAGE" COMBINATION is to play
in Stamford, Ct., Feb. 7, South Norwalk 8, Danbury
9, Bridgeport 10, Ansonia 11, Waterbury 12, Walcott-
ville 14, Winsted 15, Collinsville 16, New Haven 17,
Meriden 18, Middletown 19, Rockville 21, Hartford
22, Westfield, Mass., 23, Northampton 24, Holyoke
25, Chicopee 26.

MAGGIE MITCHELL and company played a week's
engagement in the Academy of Music, Buffalo, N.
Y., presenting "Jane Eyre" Jan. 31. "Lorle" Feb.
1, "Fanchon" 2, 4, and matinee 5, "Pearl of Savoy"
3, and "Little Barefoot" 5. Large audiences at-
tended her performances. B. Macauley opens 7, for
one week.

PROF. BARTHOLOMEW'S EDUCATED HORSES drew
fair-sized audiences to the Academy of Music, Mil-
waukee, Wis., the past week.....A Spiritual
Party will commence a week's engagement at the
Grand Opera-house Feb. 7. Edward Clifford, the
well-known theatrical manager, was there the past
week, looking for material for a new company to
take the road about March 1. The route will be
North to the Lake Superior towns, and then West.

MAUDE OSWALD'S DRAMATIC COMPANY may be
expected in Byron, Pa., Feb. 7, 8, 9, Kittening 10,
11, 12.

AN EVENTFUL NIGHT, at the Chestnut-street
Opera-house, Philadelphia, was Feb. 4. As Emma
Abbott was acting in that scene in "Mignon"
where she is making her toilet she knocked over a
lighted candelabra. The consequent excitement,
which was soon quieted by the Abbotts quietly
going on with the scene. Shortly afterwards, a lady
auditor fainted. She was removed to the ladies'
dressing-room, where she died of heart disease in
a few minutes.

HOEY & HARDIE'S COMBINATION close a success-
ful week's engagement at the Leland Opera-house,
Albany, N. Y., Feb. 5. Mary Anderson begins 7, for
a like period.....Buffalo Bill will be at Martin
Hall 8, and Haverly's "Widow Bedott" 15, 16.....
Salvini is billed at Tweddle Hall 15.

LILLIE HINTON benefited to a good house at
Wood's Museum, Philadelphia, Feb. 4. "Frou-
Frou" was played, with Miss Hinton in the title-
role, and a vocal selection was sung by Sallie Hin-
ton, sister of the beneficiary.

HENRY M. KISTER, treasurer of the Chestnut-
street Theatre, Philadelphia, had a good benefit at
that house Feb. 5, "Camille" forming the bill,
with Lillie Glover as the naughty and nice co-
quette.

"DEACON CRANKETT" is to be played in Dayton,
O., Feb. 7, Columbus 8, 9, Detroit, Mich., 10, 11, 12,
Harrisburg, Pa., 14.

ROBSON AND CRANE drew fair houses at Leu-
brie's Theatre, Memphis, Tenn. "Sharps and Flats"
was given Jan. 31, Feb. 1, 2, and matinee 5, "Comedy
of Errors" 3, "Our Bachelors" 4, "Champagne
and Oysters" night 5. The theatre will be closed
from 7 to 14, when J. K. Emmet is due, for three
nights and matinee. Bernhardt is booked for 17,
18, 19 and matinee. Mr. Raymond canceled his en-
gagement for one week, beginning 7.

AT THE PARK THEATRE, Brooklyn, N. Y., "All
the Rage" was played to good business last
week. "Hazel Kirke" will hold the boards this
week. Gus Williams opens 14.....Buffalo Bill
appeared at Haverly's Theatre in "The Prairie
Waif." Business was not very large. "Daniel
Rochat" is to be produced this week. Haverly's
United Mastodon Minstrels open 14.....At the
Novelty Theatre the Harrisons presented their
comedy "Photos." Frank Mayo in "Van the Vir-
ginian" 7, and "Davy Crockett" 14.....John T.
Hinds opened at the Olympic Theatre Jan. 31 in
"The Shaghaun." He was billed for a week, but
closed after Wednesday evening. Cause, light
business. N. S. Wood will appear this week in
"The Boy Scout."....Mrs. Kate S. Moen and R.
J. Chappelle are billed to appear at the Music Hall
Feb. 8 in "Love's Strength."

AT PARK OPERA-HOUSE, Newark, N. J., "Dot"
will be presented Feb 9 to 14. At the Grand Opera-
house "Hazel Kirke" drew a big audience 1 and
"Humpty-Dumpty" 2, and the Rentz-Santley
Troupe 3 did a fair business.

BARTLEY CAMPBELL'S "MY GERALDINE" TROUPE
is advertised in Detroit, Mich., Feb. 14, 15, 16, 17,
Toledo, O., 18, 19, Springfield 21, Columbus 22, 23,
Youngstown 24, Rochester, N. Y., 25, 26, Boston,
Mass., 28.

"THE LEGION OF HONOR" is to be played in
Toledo, O., Feb. 7, 8, Detroit, Mich., 10, 11, 12, Cin-
cinnati 21, New York City 28.

LEAVITT'S OPERA-BURLESQUE COMPANY are due
in Springfield, Ill., Feb. 7, 8, Quincy 9, Keokuk, Ia.,
10, Peoria, Ill., 11, Bloomington 12, Chicago 14, for
one week.

THE GOLDENS' DRAMATIC COMPANY open a
week's season in Austin, Tex., Feb. 7.

EMMA DUCHESNAY left Rice's Surprise Party in
Memphis, Tenn., Jan. 29.

JOHN MCCULLOUGH played in Wheeling, W. Va.,
Jan. 31, Feb. 1, 2, Columbus, O., 3, 4, 5.

A NEW OPERA-HOUSE is talked of in Seymour,
Ind.

J. N. FREE of Chicago, Ill., has purchased the
Opera-house in Richmond, Ind., and proposes mak-
ing important improvements in it.

FREDERICK FAIRLDING played in Augusta, Ga.,
Jan. 31 in "The Fool's Revenge," and "Salviata
the Silent Man" Feb. 1, to fair business. Route:
Milledgeville, Ga., 2, Macon 3, Savannah 4, 5,
Albany 7, Eufaula, Ala., 8, Columbus, Ga., 9, 10,
Selma, Ala., 11, New Orleans, La., 13, one week, in
the St. Charles Theatre.

MARTINI'S AGGREGATION in "Around the World
in Eighty Days" are due in Chelsea, Mass., Feb. 7,
Gloucester 8, Portsmouth, N. H., 9, Portland, Me.,
10, 11, 12.

"AN ARABIAN NIGHT" COMPANY, with Roland
Read, will play in Ottawa, Ill., Feb. 10, Joliet 11,
and close the season in Aurora 12.

JULIA A. HUNT'S COMPANY is advertised in Mem-
phis, Tenn., Feb. 7, 8, 9, Grenada, Miss., 10, 11, 12,
Winona 14, 15, Canton 16, 17, 18, 19.

WILLIAMS' THEATRE COMPANY open in Neosho,
Mo., Feb. 7, for one week.

Continued on page 371.

ABBEY'S (NEW) PARK THEATRE.
MONDAY, FEB. 7, re-entre in New York of
JOHN T. RAYMOND,
JOHN T. RAYMOND,
in Mr. A. C. Gunter's Fantastic Comedy, in four acts,
FRESH THE AMERICAN,
FRESH THE AMERICAN,
FRESH THE AMERICAN,
FRESH THE AMERICAN. 47-1t

BOOTH'S THEATRE. SALVINI.
POSITIVELY LAST FOUR PERFORMANCES OF
SALVINI.
Monday, OTHELLO. Wednesday, INGOMAR. Thursday and Saturday, MACBETH.
Tuesday and Friday nights, Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, ENOCH ARDEN.
MONDAY, FEB. 14,
GOSCHE & HOFFER CO.
100 WIVES. 100 WIVES 47-1t

DALY'S THEATRE.
ZANINA ZANINA ZANINA
ZANINA ZANINA ZANINA
ZANINA ZANINA ZANINA
ZANINA ZANINA ZANINA
AND THE NAUTCH DANCERS ONE WEEK MORE.
LAST MATINEES Wednesday and Saturday.
MONDAY EVENING, FEB. 14,
NEEDLES AND PINS,
with its original cast and in all its perfectness. 47-1t

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE,
Eighth avenue and Twenty-third street.
POOLE & DONNELLY.....Lessees and Managers
Reserved Seats (Orchestra Circle and Balcony), $1c.
LAST WEEK BUT ONE OF
MR. LESTER WALLACK.
MR. LESTER WALLACK IN ROSEDALE
LAST WEEK OF OURS. LAST WEEK OF OURS.
MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY. 47-1t
NEXT WEEK, LESTER WALLACK IN ROSEDALE

MADISON-SQUARE THEATRE.
Twenty-fourth street and Broadway.
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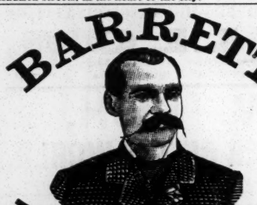
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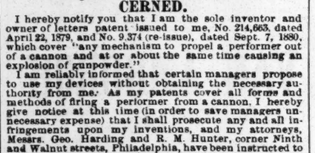
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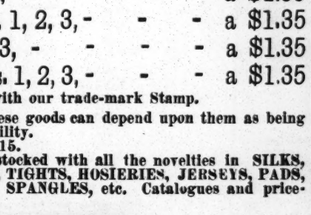
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